

# The TATLER

Vol. CXXV. No. 1619.

London  
July 6, 1932REGISTERED AS A  
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London, July 6, 1932

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Price One Shilling



## SAY AU REVOIR! BUT NOT GOOD-BYE

*Yevonde, Victoria Street*

Jean Borotra, who is one of the greatest singles players in the whole history of lawn tennis, as he indicated in an admirable speech on sport and youth at the Wimbledon tennis lunch, is, for the present at any rate, going to devote himself more strenuously to business than to his favourite game. This year at Wimbledon he was not as fit as he wanted to be, and in fact it was courageous of him to play at all. He succumbed in the fourth round of the singles to the lithe Spaniard, E. Maier, who won 6-3, 6-3, 2-6, 6-2. Beaten he was, but definitely not disgraced, and everyone will hope to see him return and once more take his rightful place





EXERCISING IN THE PARK

Lady Dawson of Penn and her youngest daughter, the Hon. Rosemary Dawson, pay frequent visits to Hyde Park for the purpose of keeping their Salukis in good trim. These engaging canine persons answer to the names of Tatisah and Dubays respectively, and are no strangers to the show ring



Whitlock

THE NEW EARL OF DUDLEY AND HIS SON, LORD EDNAM

The death of the late Earl of Dudley occurred in a London nursing home last week and was widely regretted by all who knew him. Lord Ednam, who now succeeds, is his son to the first Countess of Dudley, who met a tragic end from drowning in a lake in Co. Galway twelve years ago. The new Lord Ednam, who is seen in this picture, was born in 1920. His mother, the late Lady Ednam, was one of the victims in the appalling aeroplane disaster at Meopham two years ago

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

**M**Y DEAR,—Mrs. James Corrigan gave a most amusing party on Monday at 16, Grosvenor Street, the house she has taken again from Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Leigh. Prince George was one of the guests and was lucky enough to win the Tombola prize, a gold lighter shaped like a pencil.

Much amusement and some alarm was caused by the two different teams of acrobatic dancers! A blonde and a brunette were tossed about the room by several stalwart, scantily-clad young men and performed the most hair-raising feats of balance and endurance. How they kept their foot-hold on that slippery parquet floor was a mystery, and few of us could bear to look when the strongest of the strong young men swung his partner round and round his head like an Indian club before hurling her across the room into the outstretched arms of strong man No. 2!

\* \* \*

Amongst the lovely people who watched with bated breath, Lady Dalkeith, in a white dress with twisted green velvet shoulder straps, and Lady Nunburnholme, who wore the same model, all in palest apple green, stood out. It would be impossible to find a better matched pair, one dark and one very fair, but both so typically English looking. Lady Weymouth in scarlet organdie, was in great looks, and everyone was congratulating her on the new addition to the family. I liked Lady Blandford's



MAJOR DUDLEY WARD AND HIS SISTER, THE HON. LADY ERSKINE

Lady Erskine is the wife of our Minister to Poland and a fascinating personality. Her brother, who used to be in the Welsh Guards, and has written several books about his regiment, is also a dramatist, some of his plays having been produced at the Arts Theatre

severely simple dress of bronze-coloured satin and Lady Milbanke's flowered chifton, and amongst the garlanded were Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine, with forget-me-not shoulder-straps on her white dress, Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, in pink piqué with a pink wreath, and Lady Mary Lygon in white piqué with a white wreath.

Two pretty American girls who were much admired were Miss Nancy Yuill and the new heiress, Miss Dukes, who looks very like a taller and larger edition of Lady Brougham (I hear, by the way, that a happy event is expected in Lady Brougham's family in the autumn). Mrs. Freddie Cripps' eyelashes were the longest in the room and she was full of a new process whereby they can be induced to stay on twice as long as the usual ones! She always looks attractive but the eyelashes are certainly a great beautifier.

\* \* \*

**M**rs. Corrigan is certainly a remarkable hostess. There were two supper-rooms and legions of young men, the most popular dancing partners being Fred Astaire, Lord Alington, Sir Alfred Beit, the Alexander Brothers, Ulick and Cedric, and that popular American, Mr. Charlie Munn. The party continued till the not so very small hours, and Prince George himself was one of the last to leave.



I shall have more to say later on about the other much-talked-about party, Mrs. Woolley Hart's low-life social, complete with winkles and pearlies, to which all the smart world flocked on Thursday night. It was symbolic of our usual state of mind at this period of the season, for haven't you noticed how we begin to let ourselves go at the end of June. With all the more pompous dressed-up functions behind us, we change our mood and our clothes, and go all sporting. Tennis, cricket, flying, racing, and even rowing absorb our interest and our time. We share our enjoyments with Tom, Dick, and Harry. We become simple and democratic because we are a little weary of the strain.

Nothing could be simpler or more informal than the meetings on the July course at Newmarket where, we were glad to see, there are, so far, no more drastic changes than one new stand on the members' side of the course. That lovely line of trees, which forms part of the paddock and the car park, still stands untouched. And everyone hopes that the Jockey Club will let it remain so, for it is one of the very special charms of this course where the little thatched stands are, apparently, to be overshadowed by towering concrete.

Nearly all the men at Newmarket last week, from the King downwards, seemed to be dressed in grey. The King looked wonderfully well and in great spirits when I saw him walking under the trees before the big race on Tuesday, and he waited for the last race, which he doesn't usually do,



#### ROYALTY AT PETERBOROUGH

T.R.H. The Duke and Duchess of York with Lord and Lady Burghley at the Peterborough Foxhound Show, of which the Duke is President this year, also holding the office of President of the Peterborough Agricultural Society. T.R.H.s watched the judging of the dog-hounds and later took great interest in the various trade stands

#### COLONEL BERTRAM ABEL SMITH AND MRS. MUSGRAVE HALL

Whose engagement, recently announced, has given great satisfaction to their many mutual friends. Colonel Abel Smith, one of Leicestershire's most popular people and very well known with the Quorn, is an A.D.C. to the King. Mrs. Musgrave Hall is a daughter of the late Mr. Fergus Fergusson



#### WELCOME VISITORS: THE MARQUES AND MARQUESA DE PORTAGO

The Marques de Portago, one of H.M. King Alphonso's greatest personal friends, is very well known in English polo circles, as he plays over here most summers. He is the No. 1 of The Panthers and is in excellent form this year

While the men were, as recorded, mostly dressed in grey, and there were numbers of grey flannel suits, the women's clothes were widely varied. There were garments suitable for tennis courts, and there were others suitable for Deauville. Lady Bingham looked specially Augustish in a white dress with a pert white straw boater and a short scarlet coat. I saw her talking to Mrs. Clayton and a very sunburnt Lord Westmorland who was expressing his joy at being at Newmarket again after a long absence. But I hardly think he was speaking the truth when he said he had not been there for two years.

His cousin, Lord Londesborough, who is so very like him, was also there. And others to be seen were Mrs. Martin Smith and her three girls, Mrs. Tony Bellville, Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, and Lady Buchanan-Jardine who looked very smart in white with touches of blue. Lady Carnarvon wore an eye veil and so did Mrs. John Dewar. I was near the Dewars when they watched Sunny Anna's race. It was disappointing for them when she just failed against Mrs. Arthur James's colt.

Among the veterans to be seen were Sir Walter Gilbey and his gallant old Burnside who ran so well, Captain Mark Weyland, and Sir George Noble, who manages to enjoy so many of the best things in life both in this country and out in Kenya. Talking of Kenya, Major and Mrs. Claude Reynard are over here now. They generally come home for a few months every year, and it is hard luck that this time Mrs. Reynard has had to be retired to a nursing home at Tunbridge Wells for four or five weeks. However, she is recovering rapidly, and hopes to be out soon to spend a week or two in London before going up to Sunderlandwick for the rest of the summer. Sunderlandwick is a large Georgian house near Driffield in East Yorkshire.

We have been full of engagements and weddings. Miss Anne Charteris, whose engagement to Lord O'Neill has just been announced, is dark and extremely attractive, with a beautiful figure and great vivacity and charm. She is a niece of the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Colquhoun, and the grandest ball of last year was given at Sir Philip Sassoon's house in her honour. The Duke and Duchess of York were there, and as far as I can remember Prince George too. She is very young—hardly nineteen, I believe—but she acted to her aunt as lady-in-waiting this year at Holyrood Palace. Her mother was the eldest daughter of Mr. Francis Tennant.

(Continued overleaf)





PRINCESS INGRID OF SWEDEN IN LONDON

Princess Ingrid is on another of her frequent visits to this country, and was snapped when out shopping. She is a daughter of the Crown Prince of Sweden, and her mother, the late Princess Margaret, was a daughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught

other members of the family to be seen included Miss Brenda Pearson, in pale pink, Lady Cowdray in black and white, Mrs. Kinnell, and Mr. John Pearson, who was one of the four young men roped in as ushers.

Mademoiselle Ozanne came over specially from Paris for this wedding, and the rest of the guests included Lady Edward Spencer Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson, Lady Anne Hunloke, and Countess Ahlefeldt Laurvig. Both the bride and bridegroom looked very happy that their twice postponed wedding should have come off at last.

Lieut. Colonel William Pilcher and Miss Diana Lawrence, who were

## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Miss Joan Pearson's wedding last week to Mr. Anthony Acton was necessarily very quiet, for the bride was the favourite grandchild of Annie, Lady Cowdray, who died only a short time ago. And for this reason there were no bridesmaids, and the Cowdrays, who are great friends of the Archbishop of Canterbury, chose Lambeth Palace Chapel for the ceremony since it could not hold more than relations and very close friends.

Lord Cowdray gave the bride away, and Lady Denman had a small reception at her house in Grosvenor Street, where

married at the Guards' Chapel on Thursday, have been lent the Fitzwilliams' place in Ireland for their honeymoon, and left on Thursday night after the wedding. Colonel Pilcher commands the 3rd Batt. of the Grenadier Guards, and was responsible this year for the organization of the Trooping of the Colour, which, I understand, went off without a hitch. Miss Lawrence's brother, Tony, is one of our more brilliant young cricketers, and all his friends hope that he will get his Blue next year. He intends to go into the Coldstream.

Lady Charles Cavendish has been spending the week-end with another dancing star, Miss Tilly Losch, at her lovely home, West Dean Park, near Chichester. Miss Tilly Losch married Mr. Edward James last year in America, and they make one of the most amusing couples imaginable! They never seem to catch up on their engagements, even with the assistance of their private aeroplane, for which they have made a special landing place in the park. West Dean Park has seen very few changes since the late, and never to be forgotten, Mrs. Willie James entertained there in King Edward's day.

She was one of the liveliest and most entertaining hostesses this country has ever seen, as well as being the soul of kindness, and a wonderful friend. Her son, Mr. Edward James, has inherited her quick wit, and has a large share of his sister's (Mrs. Marshall Field's) good looks. West Dean is a big, Victorian-Gothic pile, standing in the middle of lovely grounds.

Princess Obolensky motored down to join the party on Sunday. It is strange to realize that the motor car, that speed demon of our mother's day, has now become a leisurely and old-fashioned form of transport! More and more young people own private 'planes now. Mr. Roddy Denman has had his for some time, and Mr. and Mrs. Loël Guinness fly everywhere. Mr. Rupert Belville has, of course, several solo flights over Russia to his credit, and Lord Apsley is one of the keenest pilots in the Beaufortshire country. Everyone is glad to hear, by the way, that his wife is slowly but surely recovering from the effects of her terrible hunting accident last year.

Lord Strathcona, who last year was made Captain of the Yeoman of the Guard, looked an imposing figure in his uniform when the Duke of Connaught reviewed them the other day at St. James's Palace. The morning was hot and the sun did all it could to make the scene as brilliant as it was important, the only crab to the proceedings being the fact that few people could hear the Duke's speech.

Lord Strathcona will soon be leaving for the island of Colonsay on the west coast of Scotland where Lady Strathcona has already paid one visit this summer, it is a romantic spot at which steamers call only once a week, but the Strathconas have their own yacht and this taxis them about between Oban and Colonsay, and Colonsay and Glencoe. Lady Strathcona's twin sister, Mrs. Alan Colman has just started on a cruise to the Baltic with her husband in their small craft and will not be back until the end of July.—Yours ever, EVE.



MR. AND MRS. ELY CULBERTSON AT LORD AND LADY MALMESBURY'S RECENT GARDEN FÊTE

In this interesting group at Heron Court, Lord Malmesbury's Hampshire seat, are, at the back, Mrs. Culbertson, who, with her husband, is one of the world's greatest "contract" experts, Lady Malmesbury, the Hon. Diana Carleton, and Lord FitzHarris; in front—Mrs. Flemmich, Mr. Ely Culbertson, Mrs. Anderson, and Colonel H. Beasley. Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson have only recently arrived from the U.S.A., and at this garden fête Mr. Culbertson played an exhibition rubber with Mrs. Flemmich, Mrs. Anderson, and Colonel Beasley. Lord FitzHarris, Lord Malmesbury's son and heir, and the Hon. Diana Carleton, Lord and Lady Dorchester's daughter, are engaged



# AT TWO HOUND SHOWS AND AT HENLEY



AT THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND SHOW: BRIGADIER F. W. BULLOCK MARSHAM, GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, AND COL. W. SYKES

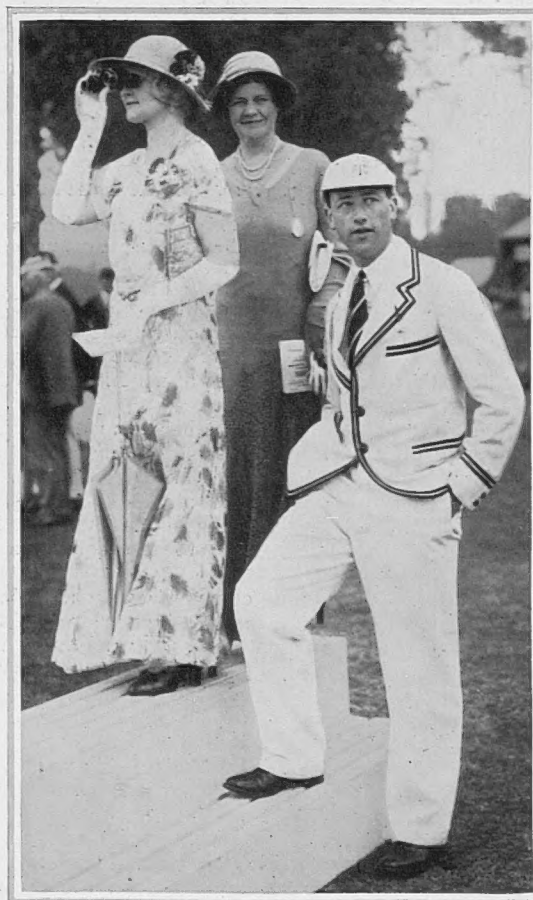


AND LADY HARINGTON AND COLONEL D. S. DAWES



AT PETERBOROUGH: LADY DOROTHEA ASHLEY AND MR. P. WILSON

The Aldershot Horse and Hound Show and the great function at Peterborough were both on last week practically simultaneously, but some people managed to go to both. General Sir Charles Harington, who is in the group with Brigadier F. W. Bullock Marsham, O.C. 1st Cavalry Brigade, and Colonel Sykes, has had the Aldershot Command since 1931. Just previously he had the Western Command in India, and also has had the Northern Command in England. Lady Harington is a daughter of the late Colonel O'D. C. Grattan. Lady Dorothea Ashley is one of Lord and Lady Shaftesbury's daughters. Lord Shaftesbury is a former Joint-Master of the Portman. The weather at Henley on the second day rather fell down, but on the opening day, when Lady Rathcreedan and her daughter were there, it was quite super, and the gallery consequently was enormous



AT HENLEY: THE HON. SYLVIA NORTON, LADY RATHCREEDAN, AND MR. R. D. GEORGE



# The Cinema : By LENZ

JACK HULBERT'S chin was surely designed by Providence to fill the strap of a policeman's helmet. Who made the discovery I do not know. But it was a happy one for all of us since it led to the making of *Jack's the Boy*, the British film which I have put off discussing until now as I feel convinced that it will run at the Tivoli for many weeks to come.

There are many of you, among my readers, who are definitely prejudiced against any pictures made in this country. Giving a dog a bad name is a mere bagatelle compared with telling you that a film is British. You instantly dismiss it with a shrug of the shoulders and search the newspaper columns for something new from Germany, Russia, France, or America.

I cannot altogether blame you, either, for this instinctive distrust of British films or for the suspicion that film critics boost them from patriotic, or less worthy, motives. For we have produced more bad films and poor films than really good ones. And we have been known to praise against our own better judgment, quite realizing that we were defeating our own ends by accepting too low a standard. But now there are many healthy signs to show that British films and, I hope, British film critics, have at last emerged from their Dark Age. And I would like you to believe me when I tell you that *Jack's the Boy* is one of them.

Here you have comedy and farce, with a very light sprinkling of music, which will appeal to everyone. I am sure that you will laugh if Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge have ever made you smile. And if there are moments, now and then, when a comedy situation is held just a trifle too long for our sophisticated minds, it is a fault which will not be criticised by the greater mass of the cinema-going public.

This is about the only fault I have to find in this picture which concerns a rather too gay young son of a stern but loving police commissioner. Jack arrives home after a wild party to face a chiding parent. Buoyed up by alcohol, he loses little of his *joie de vivre* during the interview, but father's words sink deeper than he imagines. In the morning Jack joins the Force secretly as Constable Smith, hiding the varying times of his duty hours under the veil of a sudden passion for fishing.

Jack has a glorious scene of his own when he is called on to take point duty for the first time. Not a car will stop at his warning hand. But after a solitary triumph with one crawling machine, every vehicle in London arrives from nowhere to join the stationary block which surrounds him. And an endless step ladder adds not a little to the confusion and general breaking of windows.

But the best of the fun comes when Jack is joined by Cicely. Fate has called her to be the kilted manageress of a Scotch café. But at heart she is an amateur detective. And what a help she is to Jack when he gets on the track of the crooks who specialize in daylight raids. Of course they choose his beat. And he might have been forgiven for leaving his beat, to give chase in Cicely's baby car, if only he had managed to arrest the thief whom he runs to ground in Madame Tussaud's. But as his only capture is the dummy of Charlie Peace, he is requested to leave the Force.

And then what a reconstructing of the crime, with the aid of the pepper-pots and sugar basins and various articles of food in Cicely's café, before they hit upon the plan. The Marx brothers could hardly have done it better. And the plan is to hide in the Chamber of Horrors, complete with camera and

flashlight, so that they can have real evidence against the crooks when they come to search for the stolen necklace hidden on one of the dummies. You can imagine what opportunities the two have here, impersonating the various dummies in fear and trembling, before something does go terribly wrong. So wrong that they might have shared the fate of the Princes in the Tower, their last impersonation, but for the timely arrival of the police, headed by Jack's grateful parent.

Oh yes, even if you are not a Jack and Cicely fan, you must certainly see this film at the Tivoli, for there are lots of other good things to be found in it.

And now, if you have borne with me so far, I will come to the German film which succeeds *Mädchen in Uniform* at the Academy. At the moment I write they have not quite definitely decided when to take off the *Mädchen*, so it is just possible that *Mutter Krausen* may not be shown until next Monday. In that case I shall be a day or two ahead instead of behind, as I have to be with the new Chevalier picture at the Carlton since I have no space left to deal with it.

*Mutter Krausen*, which was directed and photographed by

Piel Jutzi, was one of the last silent films to be made in Germany. It is described as a sociological drama, and is a terribly vivid and intensely shocking picture of life and conditions in the slums of a large town. The squalor, the extreme poverty, and the evils and temptations and hardships of these slum inmates are shown with a brutal frankness which makes this film a very painful thing to witness. Yet it is the very pressing home of the point of the film which relieves it from being completely sordid, for it is shown that even in such surroundings and among such people there can be true and passionate love in the best sense of the word.

*Mutter Krausen* is a dear, respectable and hard-working old woman who manages to keep her home together by taking

lodgers and seeing to the distribution of newspapers in her block of tenements. She has a son, a waster, the assistant to a rag and bone man. She has a daughter, a wild and passionate creature. And necessity has not allowed her to enquire too closely into the possible relations between her daughter and the lodger.

Later this girl meets a fine young fellow Max. They fall in love. All the sordid moments of her past fall from the girl in this realization of happiness. The young man has never known of them until the lodger, after a rebuff from the girl, tells him the truth. And Max leaves her in disgust.

Meanwhile the son steals the newspaper money for which the old woman is responsible, and spends it in drink. And when the old mother is threatened with imprisonment because she cannot pay, it is suggested that the girl shall sell herself to get the money. Very reluctantly she considers this, but she cannot do it when it comes to the point. And the son, trying to make reparation, plans a burglary and is caught and taken to prison.

When the girl goes at last to Max, and convinces him of her real love for him, he asks her to marry him and promises to help her mother. But his help arrives too late. For by that time the old woman has committed suicide.

Alexandra Schmitt gives a very moving performance as the old woman who struggles on bravely and patiently until life fills her cup of bitterness too full. And Ilse Trauttschold as the girl stands out among the rest of a very fine cast. She is a vital and vivid creature who could be influenced towards good or evil. And Max, one knows, will be her salvation.



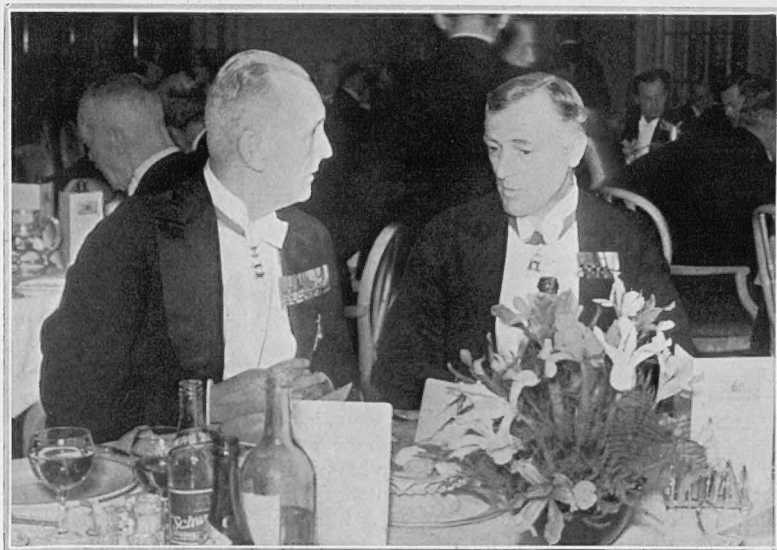
IN "THERE GOES THE BRIDE": OWEN NARES AND CAROL GOODNER

This picture, which is in process of production by Mr. Albert de Courville at the Beaconsfield Studios, is the current British Lion-Gainsborough film with music



## FIGHTING IT OUT AGAIN

## The Mespot Dinner



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR POMEROY HOLLAND PRYOR  
AND LIEUT.-COLONEL C. B. MARKHAM CARTER



MAJOR-GENERAL VANE-CUMMINS AND COLONEL  
L. N. QUERIPPEL

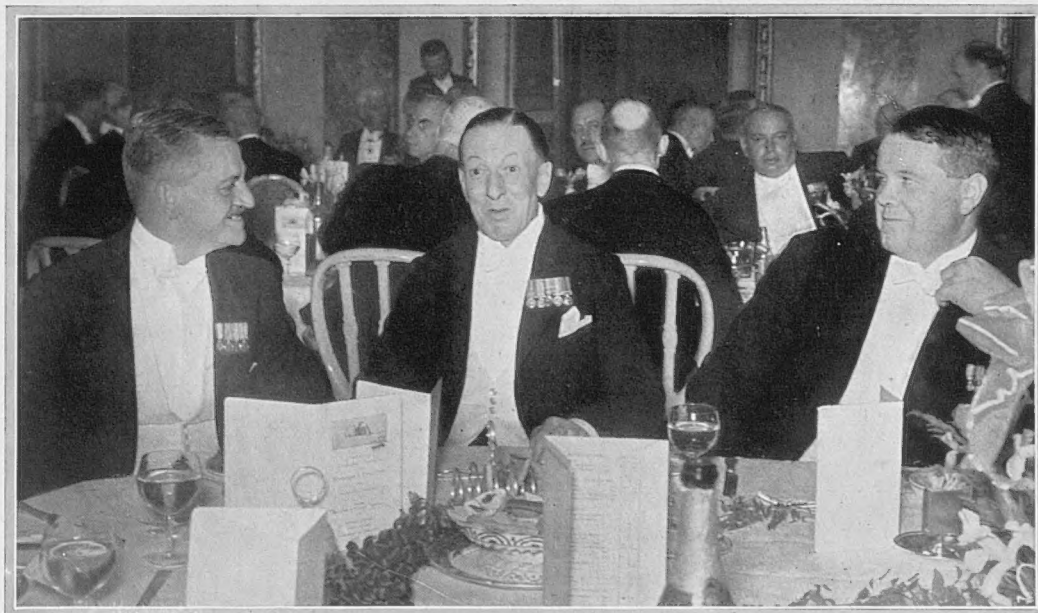


MAJOR-GENERAL SIR PERCY COX AND  
BRIG.-GENERAL H. BATEMAN-CHAMPAIN

The Mesopotamia and Persia Forces Annual Dinner was held at the Hotel Victoria, and there was a big muster of famous people who fought in this theatre of war, one of the most arduous of the many campaigns in the widely extended operations which the British forces were compelled to undertake. Space forbids any extended biography of all those in this collection of officers who were present. Major-General Sir Percy Cox, who was Chief Political Officer, the B.E. Force "D" when War broke out, probably knew more than the next man about this terrain, for he had been there and thereabouts since 1899, when he was at Muscat. Alongside him in the picture is Brig.-General Hugh Bateman-Champain, a Gurkha, and at one time Military Secretary to the late Lord Carmichael. Major-General Sir Theodore Fraser was all through the War, and afterwards commanded the British Forces in Iraq. Major-General Sir Pomeroy Holland Pryor is Colonel of the 1st Skinner's Horse, whose tunic is yellow, and fought somewhere or other all his service—N.W.F., Boer War, European War, and Afghan War (1919). Major-General H. A. Vane-Cummins was in the desperate defence of Kut amongst other active service records, and Major-General Digby Shuttleworth has seen a lot of service in the East India, Persia, Caucasus, Black Sea, and then commanded the Allied Forces of Occupation in Constantinople.



MAJOR-GENERAL D. I. SHUTTLEWORTH, MAJOR-GENERAL SIR  
THEODORE FRASER, AND BRIG.-GENERAL V. W. EVANS



CAPTAIN FRANK IZOD, MAJOR GEORGE PIRIE, AND COMMANDER F. M. STAGG, R.N.

Photographs by Sasha





AT THE PETERBORO' HOUND SHOW: THE HON. EDWARD LASCELLES, M.F.H., AND LADY EBRINGTON

The Hon. Edward Lascelles has taken his brother Lord Harewood's place with the Bramham Moor. For many seasons past he has taken a very leading interest in the breeding of the pack, and has been the means of giving it something which perhaps it lacked at one time—ribs. Lady Ebrington is a daughter of the late Lord Allendale

been worth as much. Gold Bridge blotted his copy-book, but this cannot be taken as his true form, and I still look upon him as a top-class three-year-old sprinter. Seeing a gentleman whom I had thought to be in the New World, I was moved to ask in what manner he had been able to get home and was told that he had circularized his friends with the short but poignant message, "To be broke in New York is worse than to be naked in Jerusalem, £50 will get me out." His reappearance on the English turf is ample testimony that this sort of short human document is worth six of those long-winded apotheotic affairs so generally written by the uninitiated.

The Nancy Stair filly beat a moderate lot of two-year-olds and has been acclaimed a world-beater, but she had little enough to do, and it seems a lot to say on this one performance.

After the grilling days at Sandown, it was a pleasure to get to the July course, where the temperature is better catered for, with grass underfoot and shady belts of trees. The sales, considering the animals put up, were good; in fact, one owner who was having a weed-out of yearlings was surprised at the prices he got. He fully expected not to get a bid, and to be forced to take them home and have a day's shooting. This early buying of yearlings would seem to be a greater lottery than ever, but some people seem to have the most uncanny knack of buying the right ones. One man assured me that he made but few errors, his life-long experience enabling him to read horses and women like an open book. Suffering, as he does, from the most malignant myopia, this goes to show the pitch of perfection to which the Braille system has been brought.

The improvements on the July course have been started, and the new stand in the cheap enclosure seems to be very good without being unnecessarily unsightly. By next year, I understand, all the stands will be on the plantation side, and the course will run through the present enclosures on the opposite side. It would be a pity, as suggested, to have all the races finishing at the same post, as this allows of no variation in the short races, as at present, in the matter of the stiffness or easiness of the five and six furlong courses.

Perryman was faced with a very difficult task on Hill Cat in the Hare Park Handicap as he was supposed to be on a doubtful stayer and giving away stones of weight. He was bound to ride a waiting race and perhaps left it a shade too late

## Racing Ragout : "GUARDRAIL" By

ON a hot day at Sandown with the heat radiating off the asphalt the temperature of the enclosures is only equalled by that of the selling plates which this year, owing to the low price of bloodstock, must be the hottest they have ever been. Apple Time, bought in for 800 guineas, would have been cheap at 1,200, and Straight Larch—

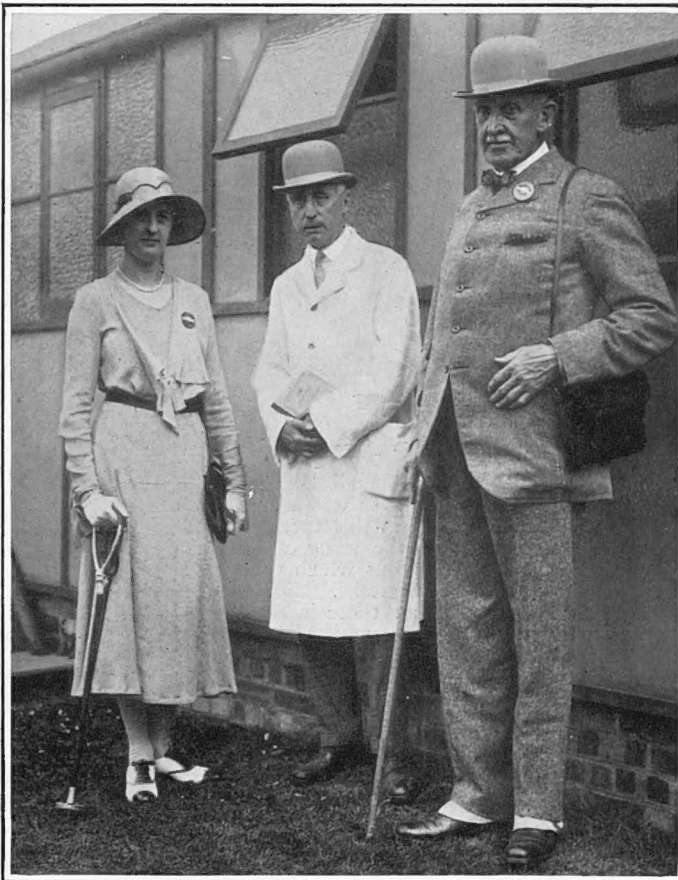
from Tabor's stable—which has come back to form this year with a vengeance, must have

which, with the difficulty of getting through, resulted in his being beaten a head. The horse put up a wonderful performance and must break his run of seconds soon.

King Salmon was a bitter disappointment to many, but he is anything but a nice horse, and Colorow looked easily the pick of the lot. Phila gave a most spread-eagling performance and should be made a note of for the Cambridgeshire or Duke of York's Stakes or both.

Stanley House seems to hold the strongest two-year-old hand of anyone, and it would be interesting to know which is the better, Hyperion or Versicle, and whether they have a better still.

There are many thrills to be got out of racing, but to my mind the greatest is that to be obtained from the trial of any animal you may happen to own. There is the most intriguing air of mystery and secrecy about the whole performance, despite the fact that within an hour the result will be in the evening papers, and scores of punters will have received a detailed description from their touts. As you visualise it, your horse will have been set an almost impossible task which he will accomplish on a tight rein, your only worry being to ensure that the price will be right for the gigantic wager you intend to have. What actually happens is that the trial horse gets too slowly away to tell anybody anything. Yours seems to be going as well as the rest until you see your jockey looking anxiously about either to see where to hit him, or to glance at the ground to make sure that he is moving. At the distance it is obvious that yours is out of the hunt, and by the time he comes past you he has hit himself or broken down. The buoyancy leaves you like the air from a whoopee cushion. Your expected assets have become liabilities, but if you have the sense to believe your trial and make no excuses, you will limit them. When things *do* go right, however, and come out according to plan on a course, can anything beat it?



W. A. Rouch  
ALSO AT PETERBORO': MISS WHARTON, M.F.H., MAJOR CECIL ANDERSON-PELHAM, AND MR. E. E. BARCLAY, M.F.H.

Miss Wharton is the Master of that fine pack of hounds the Cleveland, who are as good in the field as they are on the flags, and their bitches were in the money at Peterboro' this year. Major Cecil Anderson-Pelham is a kinsman of Lord Yarborough, Master of the Brocklesby, and he is also secretary of the M.F.H. Association. Mr. Barclay has been Master of the Puckeridge since 1896, and from 1910 Joint Master





THE ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS AND LADY LONDONDERRY AT THE  
DOM PERIGNON CHAMPAGNE CELEBRATION



BACK IN NEW YORK: MR. AND MRS. GEORGE P. PUTNAM  
(MISS AMELIA EARHART)

## FROM OVER THE SEAS



MISS BETTY SCHUSTER AT THE ATLANTIC  
BEACH CLUB, L.I.

The celebrations at Rheims in honour of Dom Pierre Perignon, who 250 years ago discovered a thing which ever since then has been called Champagne, were attended by people from practically all over the world. There can be no one, not even the inhabitants of the world's darkest corners, who has not at least heard of champagne. Eighty distinguished people, including the Bishop of Guildford and Lady Londonderry, wife of the present Secretary of State for Air, flew over and were back again in London inside of twelve hours—a marvellously quick performance—too quick, perhaps, some people may have thought upon so priceless an occasion. The Archbishop of Rheims and Lady Londonderry are standing beneath the statue of the great benefactor of humanity, Dom Pierre Perignon, the undoubted inventor of champagne. “Amelia Earhart” and her extremely proud husband were given a welcome home in New York which even out-rivalled the one this courageous lady, the only woman who has made a solo flight of the Atlantic and has flown it once as a passenger, got in England. Pretty little Miss Betty Schuster, the well-known English comedy and film actress was snapped at one of Long Island's favourite play-grounds





MISS WESTON WEBB

Lenore

A young lady who is greatly enjoying her initial experience of the gaieties of a London Season. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Weston Webb, she was presented at the last Court by her mother

loved, yet have inherited a nature essentially unlovable; or those who understand all the dreams and aims which inspired great painters, great musicians, great writers, great actors, but who, themselves, can only give a second-rate replica of their own inner vision; or those whose life is tormented by recurrent wanderlust, but have perforce to be contented by merely changing round the furniture in the room which is still their own. Genius will out, but talent wanders round and round caged in a prison from which there is only a view, but no outlet. All these I pity, for I am of their company. Consequently, a book such as Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt's "Purely for Pleasure" (Secker. 8s. 6d.) so absorbed me that I was unbearable as a companion until I had reached the last sentence on the last page. Even so, I wished only to be left alone; for Mrs. Mordaunt had taken me on the most extraordinary adventures, in the most outlandish places, among the most unfamiliar people, and always she had thrilled me or amused me and interested me all the time. "When does one stop being a tourist and start being a traveller, and stop being a traveller and start being an explorer?" she asks, adding "Is it by mere seniority, or the act of God, or of the Royal Geographical Society, I wonder?" A tourist certainly she is not, because, as she so rightly describes the genuine brand, a tourist is one who becomes peevish when things go wrong, angry when the hotel in which he stops is not so cosy as his own home, and rebellious when the animals of the wilds and the more picturesque inhabitants of the district are not, so to speak, lined up for his direct observation. A traveller and an explorer she certainly is, and yet she is something so very much more. An exact word is wanted, but it is the person who, wherever he may be, in the wilds or in the suburbs, standing before the seventh wonder of the world or before the Tooting Town Hall, among the crowd at Ascot, or among the natives of Australia, is equally curious, equally interested, equally as determined at the first opportunity to wander off the main road, actual and metaphysical, to seek what may be just round the corner, to peep behind the mystery of those lace curtains, that garden wall, that world-weary countenance. Consequently, every one of her travel books has a well-nigh universal appeal. She writes: "And now that I have got to Kuala Kangsar I have nothing to say about it." Which is so honest about her, because the usual travelling author would feel it incumbent upon him to go into every detail. Yet who does not know the places and the people whom you like, yet about whom you have nothing to say; at least, nothing which will explain your partiality. Nevertheless, she does give you a description of her most fantastic arrival at Kuala Kangsar which, so far as she is concerned, is all that matters. "I just don't want to write about it," she declares, "and that's the sort of book this is. The first book I have ever written entirely for my own delectation." Which, perhaps, explains why it is the best travel book which she ever has written, though no more interesting traveller writes. It is a book of personal adventures in strange places, among stranger people, written in no desire to impress the reading world with the things she has done, the places she

#### Purely For Our Pleasure.

I ALWAYS think that one of the worst secret plagues in life is to half possess a very definite longing. To possess it completely is usually to achieve the heart's desire; but the half-possessed only achieves torment and an almost tragic failure in performance. Those, for instance, who yearn only to be

has visited, but merely because she enjoyed doing it, enjoyed the journey there, and also because she is a born—well, whatever that word should be which best describes the traveller-cum-tourist-cum-any-kind-of-sight-seeker—which word I do not know. The book contains three maps—Central America, Equatorial Africa, and Indo-China—and these indicate the main scenes of her wanderings. But almost it may be said, that not the places visited, the people encountered, but the extraordinary mishaps, adventures, experiences unpleasant and pleasant, which she met with by the way, make it so utterly interesting and enthralling. If you want to be taken right out of yourself, and right away from the human chorus with which you are desperately, and often with so much heart-break, trying to keep in tune, read this book.

\* \* \*

#### Delicious Absurdity with a Delicate Moral.

Everybody is a bore to someone though usually boredom is satiety pushed to excess. It is dangerous even to be too long with an angel. Never to be able to get away from someone is at last to realize only their faults. Which is why, in matrimony, there are only two really happy periods. One is when married people refuse to leave each other, and the other is when they do, to meet subsequently only as friends. Even a heavenly mansion must become insufferable if the lease as well

(Continued on p. 12)



ERIK CHARELL

The producing genius of "Casanova," seen through the eye of Autori, who should know, considering that he shares the name part with Charles Mayhew and Arthur Fear in this wonderful spectacle. Herr Charell, a brilliant member of the Reinhardt School, has already given London "White Horse Inn" and is rightly regarded as one of the discoveries of the age



## OUR OUTLAWS?

By GEORGE BELCHER. A.R.A.



First Gentleman: 'Ow is it that foreign ambassadors ain't answerable to the laws of this country?  
Second Gentleman: Why becaws' they're sent 'ere wiv impunity



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

as the outlook be for eternity. Strangely enough, however, the bores in life are rarely the bores in books. Bores in books can be, and often are, cast in heroic mould. Whereas the bores in life are usually well-meaning "blatherers" or pompous humbugs. Consequently they can be very funny in book-form because you are rarely given too much of them or, if you are, then you can always hurl the volume into the farthest corner. Whereas in life the bore usually lives next door, or in the same street, or belongs to the same club, or is shut up with you in a non-stop train run from London to York. In life, for example, Petal Macassar would have been surreptitiously stabbed by her nearest and dearest if not openly murdered, whereas in Joyce Denny's most amusing book, "Economy must be our Watchword" (Putnam. 7s. 6d.), she is the greatest fun. Imagine one of London's plumper, fairer, night-club nit-wits and then place her in a situation where economy (that hateful word!) has perforce to be her watchword. Of course she had money—or rather, her husband had, and this in the minds of some women is exactly the same thing only better, because they haven't got the worry of making it. Of course, too, she lived entirely for clothes, flattery, and the good time which goes with the night-club nit-wit

mind. How her husband endured her—except that alimony is so expensive—I cannot imagine. He was such a decent man. However, Petal was extremely well-meaning even though she really meant absolutely nothing at all. Dragged on the Juggernaut of national economy into the depths of the country, she escaped to become a seller in a famous hat-shop, found it all too tiresome after the second morning, and returned to the

country with a trousseau suitable for land work. There she is photographed "O-ing" as an example of what the Rich are doing to meet present National emergencies. However, a terrible tragedy due to false eyelashes and another one due to her publicity agent gate-crashing into a ducal wedding, really made her realise at last that this life is indeed an excuse for a day in bed. And you laugh at her all the time! Also you want to smack her, simply because, although the story is delicious nonsense, there are lots of women exactly like plump Petal. The book belongs to the Anita Loos library, of course, but it is no mere imitation. It is absurd and witty and makes you laugh out loud, while the illustrations by the authoress herself are as funny as anything in the book.

\* \* \*

#### Wisdom From the Bench.

And if you imagine that plump Petal is an outsize in caricatures, you have only to read some of the legal cases which have been presided over by Mr. Justice McCardie, and are included in the book of his "Judicial Wisdom" (Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.). They are only so many more proofs that more marriages are ruined through the wife's lack of any money-sense or money-honour than ever are brought to disaster by infidelity. It would seem, indeed, as if some women married only for more clothes, more amusements, and with no idea that marriage is really a partnership, and a very difficult partnership, with as much "give" as "take," and certainly very definite obligations. Yet these women always seem to find husbands, and are married

again as soon as death or divorce sets them free. One of Mr. Justice McCardie's remarks is: "The over-generosity of a husband rarely leads to happiness, and may often lead to financial tragedy." How true that is! And of one disastrous marriage story which is brought to court, there are a thousand which simply fall into ruins without publicity. But there are others besides matrimonial cases included in the book; in fact, one may learn quite a lot, incidentally, about the Law from it, as the Law applies, for example, to gaming transactions, sale of theatre tickets, insurance, slander, warranty of furnished houses, negligence of employers, and negligence in streets, and about all these cases Mr. Justice McCardie has wise things to say. Such remarks, for example, as: "It may well be asked whether the sum total of public morality is increased by refusing a divorce against a wife who has committed adultery because the petitioning husband has himself committed the same sin"; and "Wives, however wealthy of purse or independent of character, possess powers and privileges which are wholly denied to husbands. Husbands are placed under burdens from which wives are free"; and, "The comfort and happiness of married life rest, not on statutes or decisions, but on matters that lie beyond and above

the realm of law"; and lastly, "In matters of dress women often remain children to the end"; though, to make amends, he adds, "A reasonable indulgence in dress is needed to counter-balance what I may call the inferiority-complex of woman."

#### A Delightful Holiday Volume

What is so delightful, however, about "Judicial Wisdom of Mr. Justice McCardie" is that you can pick it up, read a

few pages, and lay it down without being bored by silliness, which is the hereditary character of most holiday books. I don't know why holiday books should always be more or less futile, but so they are. It is not as if most of us were surfeited by intelligence throughout the rest of the year to such an extent that the mind demanded nothing but forced humour or fictional crime. Personally, I think the ideal holiday book is the kind of book you can open anywhere and be certain to find something to think about or something to talk over without the mind growing ponderous or idiotic. Such a book, for example, as Mr. Compton Mackenzie's "Unconsidered Trifles" (Martin Secker. 6s.). It may only contain a selection of essays and articles which Mr. Mackenzie has contributed to magazines and newspapers during the last twenty years, but authors, like conversationalists, can often be far more entertaining and interesting when they are illuminating little things, and are not worrying themselves to impress posterity. Anyway, not one of these unconsidered trifles but is worth considering. They are so well written, so amusing, so delightfully intimate without being familiar. And whether he be writing of Grand Old Men in literature, or memories of seashores, beards, woman, or Siamese cats, he has always got something entertaining to say, and always he says it perfectly. I write "say" rather than "write" because "Unconsidered Trifles" are more like talking than literature; those enchanting conversations which only occasionally come your way and are usually born over the liqueur and the coffee, or in a train, or in a garden during any still summer twilight with a friend.



"HELLO, DAD, DID YOU HAVE A JOLLY LITTLE GAME?"



# WHAT'S DOING

Town and Country Occasions



EN ROUTE FOR THE RITZ: SOCIETY "SCAVENGERS": LADY DUFFERIN AND MR. DUFF  
MRS. GERARD D'ERLANGER COOPER, M.P., PARTICIPATE IN THE LATEST PURSUIT

AT WIMBLEDON: LORD DUNMORE  
AND MAJOR SLOANE-STANLEY



CAPTAIN THE HON. HENRY BROUGHTON AND HIS BRIDE

The marriage of Lord de Ramsey's sister, Miss Diana Fellowes, to Captain the Hon. Henry Broughton, Lord Fairhaven's brother, took place on June 28 at Haverling, the family place in Norfolk. The bride, one of Leicestershire's Three Graces last season, looked quite entrancing in a gown of 200-year-old Brussels lace, and carried a bouquet of orchids presented to her by the bridegroom's squadron of the Royal Horse Guards. The Norwich Cathedral choir took part in the service, and after the wedding Captain and Mrs. Broughton walked to the Hall, where they were greeted by the R.H.G. regimental march

Scavenging parties (as the latest form of treasure-hunting is described) are now all the rage. Lady Dufferin and the Member for the St. George's Division were taking part in one the other evening, in which twins and a pram were among the many items listed for collection. Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger, looking very charming, was collected by the camera while on her way to lunch



Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN  
AND "WHISKY"



AT THE NEWMARKET SALES

Mr. W. Balding and Miss Balding, two members of a family well-known for its sporting proclivities, particularly as regards polo, photographed at last week's sale of bloodstock at racing H.Q. Mlle. Lenglen (on the left), the ex-queen of the court, is, according to report, intending to start a big lawn tennis school in Paris. The idea sounds a very good one. Lord Dunmore and Major Sloane-Stanley (top right) have also lately been concerned with tennis, in an on-looking capacity



# POLO NOTES : "SERREFILE" By

**B**EFORE getting on with my appointed job, which is to try to keep this little journal of the events of the passing hour upsides with what is happening, I think it may amuse some people to refer to a letter I have had—no signature and a "continental" post-mark—which expresses the

kind of a judge. One does not expect to get mixed up in this sort of thing in the course of writing these innocent polo notes. The Great Game, however, never stops, and all is fish which comes into the net of the players. I should not have harked back to this if I did not know that anything to do with spies always makes all of us sit up and take a bit of notice. But the German Intelligence were silly to use Von B——nn! Why, even I spotted him before we had dropped the Prongs Light outside Bombay.



THE SANDHURST TEAM AT STOKE D'ABERNON

The Sandhurst was beaten by the Yellow Hammers in the final of the Subsidiary Tournament 5 to 3½ (rec. 3½). The names are: Mr. T. K. Walls (son of Mr. Tom Walls, April the Fifth's owner), Mr. J. B. Price, Mr. D. J. Allenby, and Mr. W. G. Lowther

writer's great interest in a note I wrote about a journey home from India in 1913 and an engaging German fellow-passenger who knew so much about English polo v. America and also took a keen interest in another game called War. In the course of my note I said that this fellow-passenger said that he was a traveller in nitrates and had come from Chile, but that he looked lonely without a *pickelhaube* and that I was certain that he was what is called politely an "agent." This anonymous letter-writer wants to know whether I am trying to pull someone's leg! He says that he knew I must know, and that I also knew very well what was in the wind when I lent the German passenger my copy of a book by one Captain Sorb entitled *La Doctrine de Défense Nationale*—a fairly well-thought-out treatise upon what everyone who was likely to be interested in the next war would do. My anonymous friend says that it was very kind of me to lend Herr von B——nn this book but that it was rather taking coals to Newcastle, because a copy of it was in the hands of the German Imperial General Staff within less than twenty-four hours of its publication by the Librairie Militaire Berger-Levrault (Paris and Nancy). My anonymous friend—and he is perfectly matey about it all—further says that I knew which of the other passengers of that Austrian-Lloyd ship, *Nippon*, was the "number" who had followed Herr von B——nn all across India.

**I**t is all a mystery to me and, knife across me throat, I was not an "agent," and had no idea who the "number" was who was detailed to follow Hauptmann or Rittmeister von B——nn back to the Vaterland. The nitrate gentleman I remember knew Gerry Ritson for one and Leslie Cheape for another, but what his real name, rank, and regiment were, perhaps my correspondent will tell me now that we are not at war. He says he reads his TATLER every week, and I promise faithfully not to give him away if he happens to be still in The Great Game—a most absorbing one if I am any

**A**t the time of going to press and writing just before the final of the Inter-Regimental for the inclusion of which the voracious printer of this paper will not wait, everything has gone much as it was expected that it would go. To say a last word I think that the Gunners' team looks to me to be as good a thing as anything that has started this year or any year. They have not made the frequent mistake of slowing down their game when they have had only moderate form in front of them. They went fast all the way, for instance, against the 3rd Carabiniers (16—2) who could not offer any resistance, and they did the same v. The Blues (15—3). It is always a mistake to pull a free-going horse out of his stride and try to make him jump fences at a pace to which he is not accustomed. It is certain to make him dwell, rocket up in the air, and lose lengths! It has done something even worse ere now! The R.A. got this team playing the galloping game and wisely let it carry on as it was going.

**T**he winding-up gallop for the Inter-Regimental was that tie in the semi-final of the Ranelagh Open Cup in which they drew 6 all with Someries House and then, very wisely scratched. To go as well as this against a team 6 goals stronger on handicap made the R.A. team look as good as a bank-note. Someries were at full strength, and the only thing which may discount that form is that in the final of the Ranelagh Open they were put out 7 to 5 by The Cavaliers, a weaker team, who incidentally had put Osmaston out 5 to 4. Perhaps, therefore, I ought not to say this, because this Cavalier team has proved a real surprise packet, and I think for this we ought to take our hats off to Colonel Vivian Lockett, the Cavalier skipper.

**T**he Queen's Bays (holders) did no loitering where their final polishing was concerned. We could not take much notice of the drubbing they gave the Cavaliers in a trial gallop about a week before this semi-final v. the Greys, because the Ranelagh winners were minus Mr. Jack Traill. Likewise no notice could be taken of the fact that the Bays only beat the Life Guards 7—3. They had them safe all the way.

**Stop Press!**—In the semi-final, Queen's Bays v. Greys, the Greys won by 8—7 after extra time.



AT THE STOKE D'ABERNON MOUNTED SPORTS

A group at the polo club's recent sports. The names are: Mr. Archdale Porter, Miss Cope, Mrs. Archdale Porter, Mrs. Cope, Mrs. Macnamara, and Mrs. Owen. The Stoke D'Abernon P.C. is near Cobham and within easy reach of London





Yevonde

## Over from Ireland

VISCOUNTESS GORMANSTON AND  
THE HON. ANTOINETTE PRESTON

Lady Gormanston and her only daughter, who here contribute face value to an effective new idea in double photography, have temporarily deserted County Meath in favour of the London season. This is the Hon. Antoinette Preston's second experience of the sort, she having made her début over here last summer with great success. The Gormanston family tree stretches back into the mists of antiquity and many strange legends are connected with its history. The present holder of the title, Lady Gormanston's eldest son, who is the premier Viscount of Ireland, comes of age in three years time.



## PRISCILLA IN PARIS

**T**RÈS CHER,—I have seen, alas! a good many accidents in my time, but I do not think that ever before I have been so horrified as by the tragedy that brought the smiling scene of the *Concours d'Élégance Automobile* in the Bois de Boulogne to an abrupt and fearful close the other morning. It was so utterly unexpected. When one goes to the races at Montlhéry, or to the *Circuit de la Sarthe*, or to the Dirt Track at the Parc des Princes, or even when one is touring and one sees the many incompetent drivers that blind along the high roads of our *belle France*, one always has the *arrière pensée* that the worst may happen at any moment . . . but in this case, when gleaming, new, flower-decked cars, driven by pretty actresses and Society women, were crawling, at a snail's pace, past the judges' table, how could one foresee that tiny, wretched little gesture, made by a fool: the foot that pressed the accelerator instead of the brake, and sent a high-powered car hurtling forwards into the joyous crowd of on-lookers. . . . One could hardly realise, even at close quarters, what had happened. . . . There were the green lawns gay with flower-beds in front of the Restaurant de la Cascade, where the meeting was held; there were women in lovely flimsy frocks craning on tip-toe to see their friends pass; the sun shone through the trees and flecked the upturned faces with gold; there was the scent of the freshly watered earth . . . the sound of laughter and applause, and then, without warning, the grind of a clumsy gear-change, a dull crash, followed by the awful, soul-wrenching sound of shrieks caused by intense, unbearable agony and the more hysterical, shriller cry of panic-stricken women rising above the deep murmur of a horrified and righteously angry crowd. . . .

Righteously angry, since, in my humble opinion, every driver ought to be a master of his (or her) reflexes and absolutely incapable of becoming flustered; and yet, had that crowd obeyed orders and remained at a safe distance, the accident could not have happened. But that is the sore point. Crowds never obey in this country, and barriers seem to exist merely to be trampled down or climbed over under the indignant gaze and inefficient protestations of an invariably inadequate number of sergents-de-ville.

But perhaps I am unjust, and this only applies to the man-in-the-street crowd. Certainly next day, when *le beau monde* gathered at Bagatelle for the polo match between the "*Bleus*" and "*Blancs*," a courteously distant and quite unguarded circle was formed round the President of the Republic when he presented the *Coupe Militaire* to the winning team in the presence of the Grand Duchess Hélène of Russia, Princess Nicolas of Greece, Prince and Princess Guy de Polignac, Baroness Robert de Rothschild . . . but I would need the whole of this page to name all the notabilities who were there. The garden parties at Bagatelle are a rather lovely sight, even if they are, I think, just a little spoiled by the



Utudian  
Mlle. MARY GLORY

A pretty young French talkie star who has been seen—and heard—with great success in many recent pictures



MADAME HERIOT—THE FAMOUS FRENCH YACHTS-WOMAN

A reproduction of a recent portrait of the famous French yachts-woman, who, incidentally, is a relation of Alain Gerbault, who, since he has given up lawn tennis, has been doing his best to run into danger in small boats in big seas. Madame Heriot, who is quite often her own coxswain, was at Cowes last season with her 8-metre *L'Aile VII.* and her 6-metre *Petit Aile IV.*, and was second in the *Coupe de France* with the former at the Royal Thames Yacht Club Regatta off Ryde

mannequin parades. Some of the frocks are so ridiculously *outré*, and oh! if only the darlings who wear them would remember that nothing is more out of place, in a rural setting, than an indoor make-up. Those lovely young girls mess up their pretty faces as if they were trying to hide the ravages of old age, and it is such a pity. I was very much amused when one of the descendants of "the Five Gentlemen from Frankfort" took several of the Press photographers aside, singly, and told them to be sure to get good photographs of his wife while she was talking to the President. When it was pointed out to him that the awning above the verandah where the President's party was sitting cast a dark shade on the crowd beneath, he immediately caused it to be furled! Snobbishness carried to such a degree is quite touching.

Earlier in the day I went to an interesting *déjeuner*, given by "Les Amis de Marcel Proust," that was presided over by M. Paul Valéry, the most discussed poet of these times. The vulgarians pretend that, to them, his poems are incomprehensible. That is as may be, but to me it was his after-luncheon speech that was a mystery. He has the quietest voice of which I have ever heard the hushed murmur, and, although I was only seated six places distant from him at table, I was not able to understand more than an occasional word. Dr. Robert Proust, Marcel's younger brother, a famous surgeon himself, announced that one of the new streets that have just been made in the Passy quarter of Paris is to be named after the great writer, and also that a commemorative tablet is to be placed by the doorway of the house (No. 44, Rue Hamelin) where he died in 1921. Several big-wigs of the literary world were present. André Maurois, silver-haired, slim and sardonic, accompanied by his attractive wife; Paul Morand, who has the air of a country squire; René Blum, of whom Marcel Proust was so fond and to whom he wrote such delightful letters; Robert Dreyfus, with whom he, Marcel, was at school . . . Mrs. Herbert Clarke, who represented Proust's English admirers; and amongst the crowd (last and excessively least) Your PRISCILLA.



TALKING AND GETTING  
A MOVE ONGOIN' IN SWIMMIN': ANITA PAGE AND  
ROBERT YOUNG ON A HOLLYWOOD "BEACH"

Anita Page only took to the movies in 1928 and has had a very crowded four years of it. She was one of those sudden arrivals which happen in the film world and jumped straight into a leading part. This happens only very occasionally. Maurice Chevalier's latest, a Paramount Picture called "One Hour with You," in which his leading lady is Jeanette Macdonald, who is British by descent, opened in London at the Carlton Theatre on June 28. Maurice Chevalier plays Dr. André Bertier; and Jeanette Macdonald Colette Bertier, and the supporting cast is a good one. Leila Hyams was taking precautions against the Solar Myth when she was snapped on that Hollywood Beach—Malibu, most probably, as it is their favourite playground



HIGH-HATTING: LEILA HYAMS IN HER BEACH SUITINGS



MAURICE CHEVALIER AND JEANETTE MACDONALD IN "ONE HOUR WITH YOU"





WAITING FOR TEA: CAPTAIN THE  
HON. BARRY BINGHAM, V.C., R.N.,  
AND MRS. ION TOWER

## AND SO TO RANELAGH

Polo fans at  
the final of  
the Open Cup



H. M. KING ALFONSO AND SIR HAROLD WERNHER



MRS. JACK HUGHES

The final of the Open Cup tournament, in which the Cavaliers beat Sir Harold Wernher's team, Someries House, by 7 goals to 5, provided some capital polo, watched by a large gallery. H. M. King Alfonso presented the Cup. Captain Bingham (above) will probably be an Admiral by the time these words appear. Mrs. Ion Tower's husband is at the Admiralty



MISS MARJORIE BRASSEY  
AND CAPTAIN S. MCCREERY



WATCHING CAVALIERS V. SOMERIES HOUSE:  
CAPTAIN BOB BRACKENBURY AND HIS WIFE



MORE ONLOOKERS: MISS ALMA TAYLOR;  
MAJOR AVERY AND COLONEL TURNER

The snapshot above was taken in the pavilion at Ranelagh. Mrs. Hughes is the wife of that well-liked person, Colonel Jack Hughes, now commanding the Grenadier Guards in Cairo. Captain Bob Brackenbury (see right) is just back from those parts and is going to Weedon. He is a horse-gunner and owns Thorpe Hall, a lovely place in Lincolnshire. Mrs. Brackenbury, as Miss Springman, was one of the most entertaining débutantes of 1926. Colonel and Mrs. Edgar Brassey's daughter was another attractive person present, her escort being one of the popular McCreery brothers



# THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE ISLE OF MAN



H. R. H. PRINCE GEORGE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ISLE OF MAN

Newby

With H.R.H. are H.E. Sir Claude Hill, Governor of the Isle of Man, Lady Hill and members of the House Party invited to meet Prince George. H.R.H. travelled by air to the Isle of Man. Sir Claude Hill, K.C.S.I., C.S.I., C.I.E., has been Governor of the Isle of Man since 1926. He was appointed to the Indian Civil Service in 1887, and amongst other events in a very distinguished official career was a member of the Viceroy of India's Executive Council from 1915 to 1920. The names, left to right, are: (back row) Commander Parkes, Mr. Baxendale, Captain Madoc, Mr. R. A. Prescott, High Bailiff W. P. Cowley, His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor (Sir Claude Hill), Colonel Madoc, Mr. B. E. Sargeant, Major Butler (Equerry to the Prince). Seated: Mrs. Waddington, Mrs. R. A. Prescott, H.R.H. Prince George, Lady Hill, Mrs. Baxendale, Mrs. Kirk-Green. The little boy is Master Prescott, grandson of His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor.



AMATEUR MANNEQUINS AT THE PERTH UNIONIST FÊTE AT ALMONDBANK

Wm. L. Munn

An interesting picture taken at Blackruthven, Almondbank, Perthshire, at the Perth Division Unionist Garden Fête. This mannequin parade was an attractive feature of the entertainment, as of course it is hardly necessary to tell anyone who has eyes to see. Included in the picture are Lady Wilson and Miss Wilson, of Inverrossachs, Callander, Perthshire; Mrs. T. Bishop, Thorntonhall, Glasgow; Mrs. R. G. O. Hutchison, Connoquhie, Fife; Mrs. Douglas Mackenzie, Tullach Ard, Balbeggie, Perthshire; Mrs. John Paul, Stamford, Prestwick; Mrs. Ferrier Robb, Den O'Gryffe, Kilmalcolm; Mrs. James Hutchison, Ardargie, Forgandenny, Perthshire, who organized the mannequin parade; Miss Mary Hogarth, Delvine, Murthly, Perthshire; Miss Gelda Macgregor, Cardney, Dunkeld, Perthshire; Miss Katherine Prain, Kincairn, Leuchars, Fife; and Miss Helen Skene, Pitlour, Fife.



## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE



"FATED TO BE MATED:"  
BOBBY HOWES  
AND JEAN ADRIENNE



TOMTIT

PLAY programmes have a devastating sameness. Either they are hired out to the "magazine-programme" people (who fill odd corners with jokes about Jews and Scotsmen, and print Miss Boubou Flaring's views on this and that) or else they alternate between advertisements of liquor and chocolates sold in the theatre bar, and a Who's Ballyhoo concerning the cast. Two novelties enliven the programme for *Tell Her the Truth*. It has as cover a tinted drawing, in richly sinister pea-green, of the Saville Theatre's modern exterior; and the play's announcement leads off with an impressive photograph of Mr. Jack Waller, above "Jack Waller Presents."

It is a new thing for the portraits of impresarios thus to be shown, and in this case a welcome thing for contemplation during the tedious moments made by an early arrival. Mr. Jack Waller has his arms crossed in a purposeful manner that suggests Big Theatrical Business. His suit, although it has creases over the left arm, fits perfectly; and his expression is thrusting, determined, almost hypnotic. It is evident that he does not believe in fairies, nor in the photographer's promise that a little bird will fly out of the camera's lens. In this studio-study, he is the man who knows what to do. Yet a faint, indefinable melancholy clung to the wide brow of Mr. Jack Waller when he thus sat for his portrait. It may be that he was thinking of the old 'un, of how Clayton and Waller presented so much, including *No, No, Nanette*, that made the mouths of box-office managers water during the nineteen-twenties.



CHIEF INQUISITOR  
ALFRED DRAYTON

Waller, without Clayton (but still with Mr. William Mollison as producer), has not prepared a musical comedy in the old firm's vein. Like Mr. Charles Cochran, he has done away with the chorus that used to swirl into the pattern of a leg-petalled peony or an animated pumpkin. Though this is bad for employment, one must admit that *Tell Her the Truth* would not be improved by the highly-drilled girls of yester-year. It is called a "play with tunes," and would be better described as a farce with songs, built round the personality of Bobby Howes, London's sweetest little comedian.

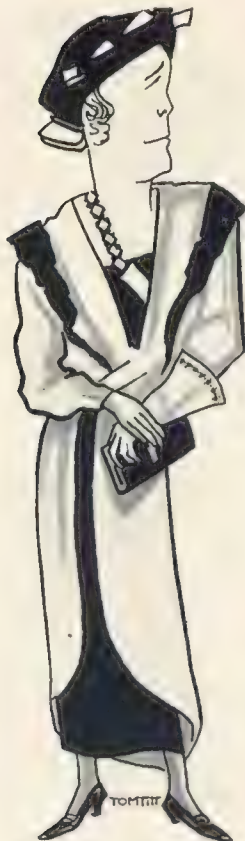
Bobby Howes is a Chaplinesque comic whose slapstick grows out of underlying pathos. He must get himself into a mess. Audiences, and especially the women, then feel frightfully sorry for poor little Bobby, who puts up such a brave show against humorous odds. He is at his funniest when most persecuted by stage circumstances; and it is an affectionate laughter that rewards his fantastic efforts to win back to normal.

The mess here is that he must tell no lie, and dodge no questions, for twenty-four hours. A bet of £1000, undertaken for his girl after desperate communion with a



TORMENTORS: PETER HADDON  
AND JACK LAMBERT





DIGNITY AMID  
TOMFOOLERY:  
HENRIETTA  
WATSON

picture of George Washington, obliges him to carry on until the clock registers four. Alfred Drayton, Peter Haddon, and Jack Lambert are three big bullies who force him, against his natural politeness, to inform a visitor that her voice is awful and her hat terrible. They follow him to bed, listen behind curtains, and fling willing females on to his chest while obliging him to admit his reactions. Poor wee mannikin!

There are two kinds of laughter in this show. One comes from sympathy with Bobby when he wildly tries to escape from the truth. It reaches its tense climax, and grows almost painful, when he strives to postpone the last damaging answer until the clock has struck four, and he can give himself the gorgeous luxury of telling ripe lies, even as yours and mine.

The other kind is helped by relief when he makes the bullies look silly, or foils their plans. The first sort is the loudest, but the hurrah-for-Bobby category lasts the longest.

He confesses to robbing a bank. The inquisitors grow pleased and eager; but it turns out to have been his small brother's bank, from which he filched half-a-crown in the nursery. Has he been a swindler? Yes, he has. The tormentors' chairs move nearer. How did he swindle? He sold a rabbit

to another boy at school by promising that it would have lots of young; and it was not that kind of a rabbit.

Sweet, sanitary fun, made to measure for the young who will soon be with us on holiday, for their broad-brow parents, and for pure minds like that of Mr. James Douglas. The amusement is doubled by disgust from the persecutors, whose own swindling schemes are ruined by the truth-telling they enforce. And in any treatise on the Anatomy of Laughter, a good example of its promotion by poetic justice would come from the incident when the victim must unwillingly reveal to the chief inquisitor's wife how her husband has lied about his supper with a dancer from the local variety theatre.

The entertainment is hilarious and quite inconsequent. Sections of seaside cliff keep on falling into the ocean without provocation, and the characters are always handing each other cheques for anything between £100 and £2000, as though overdrafts were as easy to find as July strawberries. The songs are few but pleasant, despite endless insistence in one of them on how Bobby Howes and his girl friend were fated to be created to be mated. Another number, "Sing, Brother!" has a refrain of which the melody lingers on diabolically



GIRL-STUFF: POLLY LUCE AND HELEN  
GRAY

in the head, through days and sleepless nights. Henrietta Watson contributes nice dignity, Alfred Drayton excellent bluffness. Wylie Watson is one of the best glee-singers ever. The girl-stuff hardly matters, except for vivacious dancing from Helen Gray and Polly Luce, who also does a lovely East Lynne confession about her imaginary seduction.

What does matter to an immense degree is the brilliant, tireless tomfoolery of Bobby Howes, who is on the stage four-fifths of the time. This entertainment, indeed, is Bobby Howes with adequate incidentals.

Part of the music was by Mr. Jack Waller. Mr. Joseph Tunbridge was the other composer. Messrs. R. P. Weston and Bert Lee did the lyrics, and adapted *Tell Her the Truth* from the farce *Nothing but the Truth*, by Mr. James Montgomery, who adapted it from Mr. Frederick Isham's book of the same name.

*Postscript:* None of these, except Mr. Jack Waller, is photographed on the programme.

A. B.

One of Tomtitt's drawings on this page on June 22 (from

*Party*, at the Strand Theatre) appeared with the caption: "Girls Together—Joan Swinstead and Doris Gilmore." Miss Nancy Pawley called at the *Tatler* office to point out that she was one of the ladies caricatured. Miss Doris Gilmore called to insist that she was not one of the ladies caricatured. We regret the mistake, and, in making a requested correction, we apologise to these young and beautiful actresses for giving publicity to their names.



"SING, BROTHER!" WYLIE WATSON, BOBBY HOWES AND WINIFRED IZARD





THE HON. MRS. CHARLES WINN *Elwin Neame*



MRS. BRIAN MOUNTAIN *Sasha*

The latest portrait of Mr. Brian Mountain's attractive wife, showing her in the dress she wore when she presented her sister, Miss Eileen Lamb, at the last Court of the season. Mrs. Mountain was married in 1926 and has a two-year-old son. Sir Edward Mountain, her father-in-law, is a big man in the insurance world

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Winn, Lord St. Oswald's sister-in-law, was Miss Katherine Van Heukelom before her marriage and used to live in Paris. She and her husband (she is his second wife) have a lovely home near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, Nostell Priory, where they spend a good deal of their time

## EASY TO LOOK AT

New studies  
of  
pretty people

The third member of this decorative page, the Hon Elizabeth Brand, is one of Hertfordshire's most pleasing products. She comes fifth in Lord and Lady Hampden's family of three sons and four daughters and celebrates her twenty-first birthday this year. Lord Hampden, whose family place is The Hoo, is one of H.M.'s Lords-in-waiting



THE HON. ELIZABETH BRAND *Bertram Park*





H.M. THE KING

Exclusive photograph by Douglas Glanfield

One of the latest portraits in colour of H.M. King George V, and rated to be one of the best. His Majesty is the third great sailor King this nation has had, his two most notable predecessors being King Alfred, the founder of the Royal Navy, and King William IV. King George served actively in the Navy from the old *Bacchante* days onward practically to the time when he succeeded to the Throne of England. The King's fondness for the sea is very well known, and he is never happier than when he is aboard his famous old racing cutter, *Britannia*, which, let us hope, will add this season a few more winning flags to her already wonderful record



## THE GUARD

By H. M. Lynd

*A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the office of the artist.*





DS BATHE

Bateman

ices of this paper at the price of 10s. 6d. each; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each; postage, 6d. extra



## GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



## No. IV—THE ROYAL LYTHAM AND ST. ANNES G.C.

There is no fear of anyone in this interesting gallery being unable to recognise himself, for we are assured that the likenesses are super-excellent and barely touch the border of a thing called caricature. Lytham is in Lancashire, and what we feel about these portraits is that the artist has said so much and said it so well that to add one word more would be to commit the unpardonable atrocity of painting the lily to say nothing about the refined gold. The next in this series of "Golf Clubs and Golfers" will be Addington



# AFLOAT AND ASHORE



THE BATH CLUB LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS: MISS MARY EVANS, MISS VENETIA FRIPP, MISS PAMELA D'A. NATHAN (THE WINNER OF THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP), MISS JOAN BERKELEY AND LADY ALINGTON



THE "MAUDE NATHAN" CUP COMPETITORS (Left to right, seated) Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine (the winner), Miss Brownie Woodburn, Miss Patricia Beveridge. (Standing) Lady Prudence Jellicoe, Miss Patricia Hamilton, the Hon. Brenda Pearson and Miss Vivian Baker



AT THE QUORN PUPPY SHOW: CAPTAIN OTHO PAGET AND SIR PETER FARQUHAR, M.F.H.



AND: COL. J. G. LOWTHER, M.F.H., MAJOR ALGY BURNABY (Ex-Master the Quorn), GEO. BARKER (Quorn Huntsman) AND MR. HILTON GREEN, M.F.H.



MAJOR CANTRELL-HUBBERSTY, MAJOR ALGY BURNABY AND SIR HAROLD NUTTING, M.F.H.

Howard Barrell

The moderated heat-wave is more suitable to sport in the water than anything even remotely connected with fox-hunting, but the devotees of both seem to have managed to enjoy themselves recently. The Bath Club Ladies' and Children's Swimming Championships are always an amphibian event of distinction, and in the pictures at the top are the winners of the two principal events, Miss Pamela Nathan and Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine, who is Lord Rosslyn's younger daughter. Miss Venetia Fripp is a daughter of the distinguished surgeon, the late Sir Alfred Fripp, who was also the progenitor of the Froth Blowers. He died in 1930, universally regretted. Lady Prudence Jellicoe is the youngest of Lord and Lady Jellicoe's daughters, and the Hon. Brenda Pearson is a daughter of Lord and Lady Cowdray. At the Quorn Puppy Show at the Kennels at Barrow-on-Stour, many famous Masters congregated, including, naturally, the retiring Quorn Master, Major Algy Burnaby, who has made a good deal of hunting history, and Sir Harold Nutting, the present very excellent Master, who formerly had a big success with the Meynell, of which Sir Peter Farquhar is the reigning Master. Col. J. G. Lowther is the senior Master of the Pytchley, and Mr. Hilton Green the Master of the Cottesmore. It is hoped that Major Cantrell-Hubbersty has no more broken legs. He is one of the best and hardest men over Leicestershire. Captain Otho Paget is the famous Master of his own beagles, and young George Barker is the Quorn Huntsman



## AT SOPWORTH, WILTS

### Features of a Garden Fête



#### A GRACIOUS PURCHASER

The Duchess of Beaufort falls a victim to the good salesmanship of the Hon. Julian Fane, at a recent Garden Fête held at the home of Col. the Hon. Algernon Stanley (who is seen on the left) and Lady Mary Stanley



AFTER DOING THE ROUND OF THE STALLS: LADY MARY STANLEY WITH SIR EDWARD AND THE HON. LADY GRIGG



The good objects of the Sopworth Fête were local Church Funds and the Children's Hospital at Bath. The neighbourhood rallied well round Lady Mary Stanley in making it a success, consequently the stalls did a roaring trade. Sir Edward Grigg, who married Lord Islington's only daughter, was Governor and C.-in-C. of Kenya Colony from 1925 to 1930

BELOW: THE HON. JULIAN FANE TRIES HIS LUCK AT LADY HAMILTON'S WELL



SIR AUDLEY NEELD AND LADY SUFFOLK

#### AT THE PALMIST'S: LADY APSLEY LENDS A HAND

Lord Apsley's wife is, alas! still in an invalid chair as the result of her bad hunting accident three seasons ago, but this does not prevent her from taking tremendous interest in everything that is toward, and she was one of the first to test the remarkable soothsaying powers of Mrs. C. R. B. Carrington, who was one of the most sought-after "side-shows." Lady Hamilton and her magic well had many patrons, too, one of them being Lord and Lady Westmorland's younger son, Julian. Lady Suffolk lives at Charlton Park, near Malmesbury; and Sir Audley Neeld is also a well-known Wiltshire personality



Photographs by Dennis Moss



## AT HENDON'S AIR MASTERPIECE

MISS NELSON, MRS. HOMER-SMITH  
AND LADY SCARSDALETHE HON. PAMELA MITFORD, LADY REDESDALE  
AND MISS JOAN VILLIERSMISS WINIFRED  
SPOONERMR. KNEBORTH AND MISS THYNNE  
ARRIVING AT THE PAGEANTMAJOR HUME-GORE, MRS. WADE  
AND A FRIENDMR. J. S. WETHERBURN AND LADY  
MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY

If anything ever will persuade a world out of joint that war upon the modern plan is not worth while, this extraordinary R.A.F. Display at Hendon ought to do it. The possibilities which it showed us are the greatest argument in favour of peace which can be brought forward. Everyone who witnessed it was alternately petrified with apprehension and struck dumb with amazement. To see a big fighter thrown about the air as if it were no more than the lightest thing with wings was in itself worth going to see. That aerial battle was to most people the star turn. This small collection from the enormous crowd of people who must have got permanent cricks in their necks comprises a number of the air-minded, notably that brilliant and most intrepid lady, Miss Winifred Spooner, who has put up such marvellous performances in the King's Cup Air Race round Britain. Lord and Lady Scarsdale's home is that beautiful place, Kedleston, which used to be owned by the late Lord Curzon. Lady Redesdale, who is with one of her daughters and Miss Joan Villiers, was Miss Sydney Bowles, daughter of the late "Cap'en" Tommy Bowles, of whom Toby M.P. used to be so fond. Miss Thynne is a daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ulric Thynne, and her father is a kinsman of the Marquess of Bath, and has a son in the 601st. Bombing Squadron. Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay is the younger of the two daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, three of whose sons are in the R.A.F.—the Marquess of Clydesdale, Lord George and Lord Malcolm Douglas Hamilton.





CELEBRITIES IN THE SOUTHERN SUN

Mr. Carl Brisson, Miss Helen Gilliland, Miss Amy Johnson and Mr. J. A. Mollison being done brown at Juan-les-Pins. Carl Brisson is thoroughly enjoying a holiday tour of Southern France and Italy before returning to "The Merry Widow," which comes to the West End in the autumn

THE mistress of the house was explaining the household duties to the new maid. "This," she said reverently, "is a very valuable Persian rug." She paused, and added: "I want you to be very careful when you clean it, as it is very old and has been in the family for many generations."

The new maid nodded understandingly. "I can quite see it's old, Ma'am," she replied, "but I dare say we can make it last through the summer if we're careful."

A doctor met one of his patients in the street. "Did my medicine do you any good?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, doctor," replied the patient. "I took three spoonfuls and my cough went; I rubbed three spoonfuls into my knee for rheumatism; and the rest we used to clean the silver."

The hospital doctor had made a thorough examination of the little patient.

"This is undoubtedly a case for psychological treatment," he informed the girl's mother at the conclusion.

"Oh, but she rides a bicycle already," objected the mother.

Just as the dentist was leaving his surgery the telephone-bell rang. He answered it and found that it was a patient wanting to come that afternoon.

"I'm afraid I can't give you an appointment for this afternoon," the dentist replied. "I have eighteen cavities to fill." And he hung up the receiver and picked up his golf-clubs.

A doctor ordered the old vicar to take some hot whisky each day. "But," objected the patient, "I'm afraid my housekeeper would leave me if I did."

"She need not know," replied the doctor; "just tell her you want some shaving water."

Some weeks later the doctor called at the house to inquire for the vicar.

"He's gone mad, Sir," quavered the housekeeper. "The poor unfortunate gentleman's shaving himself morning, noon, and night."

## Bubble and Squeak

A certain man of the Hebraic persuasion insured his property against fire, and had the misfortune to have a fire a week later. The insurance company were very suspicious, but could prove nothing, and it was decided to pay the claim. When the cheque was sent, a letter accompanied it, saying: "Dear Sir,—Why the delay of seven days?"

A woman whose husband had died went to a medium, who put her into communication with her late spouse.

"John," said the woman, "are you happy now?"

"I am very happy," replied the spirit of John.

"Are you happier than you were on earth with me?" was the next question.

"Yes," replied the spirit. "I am far happier than I was on earth with you."

"Tell me, John, what is it like in Heaven?"

"Heaven!" exclaimed John. "I'm not in Heaven."

He had wandered into a big Regent Street store, and at once was surrounded by shop-walkers.

"What is your pleasure, Sir?" they asked in chorus.

He was rather embarrassed.

"Well, er—my pleasure is fishing," he replied hesitatingly, "but I—er—rather wanted a new hat."

Before the dinner began a young man with an eyeglass and a drawl said to somebody

standing near: "Beastly nuisance, isn't it? Spoke to that fellah over there—took him for a gentleman, and found he had a ribbon in his coat. The confounded head waiter, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," replied the other, "that is the guest of the evening."

"Oh, really!" drawled the young man. "Look here, old chap, would you mind sitting next to me at dinner and telling me who's who?"

"Sorry, I can't, Sir," was the reply.

"You see, I'm the confounded head waiter."

The wife of the proprietor of the George and Dragon had eloped with the squire's son.

"What be 'e goin' to do, Garge, now the missus 'ave left 'e?" asked one of his friends.

"Nowt," replied the publican. "I just be goin' to change t'old sign to the George!"



MISS DORIS DUKE

America's richest girl (so they say) snapped at the Atlantic Beach Club after a bathe. Miss Duke, who is the daughter of Mrs. James B. Duke, of New York City, was in England last summer. She has very simple tastes and hates publicity or any form of ostentation



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# AIR EDDIES \* By OLIVER STEWART



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD

About to fly back to Woburn Abbey after winning *The Tatler* Concours d'Élégance for Aircraft at Brooklands with her green Puss Moth, a snapshot of which appears on the right. The Duchess's plane was piloted by Flight-Lieut. J. B. Allen

is herself a competent pilot. Her record flight to Cape Town and back with Captain C. D. Barnard and Mr. Little, in 1930, will be recalled as one of many examples of her aeronautical activities. The *Tatler* Concours d'Élégance for aircraft differed from other air events in that it was designed expressly for aerialists and not as a public spectacle. The occasion showed, as it was hoped that it would, that amateur flying has now progressed far enough to give scope for what might be called the silent air occasion; in which there is a minimum of rushing about and noise and smoke, and a maximum of meeting, conversation and discussion. Indeed, so promising was this first *Tatler* Concours for aircraft that it has been decided to make it an annual event and to offer another prize next year.

Captain Duncan Davis, head of the Brooklands School of Flying, and Mr. J. Cattley, Secretary to the Brooklands Aero Club, were among those who saw that the organisation was good; and Mr. Packman and Mr. Norman, both with exceptionally wide experience of aircraft construction and maintenance, undertook the difficult task of judging. I did not count the number of machines entered, but I should guess that there were about twenty, all of them beautifully kept and many in attractive colour-schemes. About an equal number of machines brought visitors for the occasion. Tea was served at tables set out in the sunshine on the grass in front of the club-house. Flight-Lieut. S. N. Webster, who won the 1927 Schneider Trophy race; Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Wingfield, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Barr, Miss Slade, from Heston, and many others well known in the world of aviation were there. Mr. F. S. Symondson had flown up from Devon with Mrs. Symondson in their all-black Moth; and Colonel Strange arrived in his new three-engined Spartan.

After the judges had decided the winners of the Concours, the two machines were brought in front of the club-house and Captain F. E. Guest presented the prizes. Mr. George Lowdell gave a short exhibition of flying, and then the Duchess of Bedford left for Woburn in her open Moth, while the *Tatler* Cup was sent back stowed on the luggage rack of her Puss Moth which had won it. The Puss Moth had done about 150 hours' flying. Altogether, the event did exactly what it set out to do, and showed that there is scope for the quieter air occasion.

## The "Tatler" Cup.

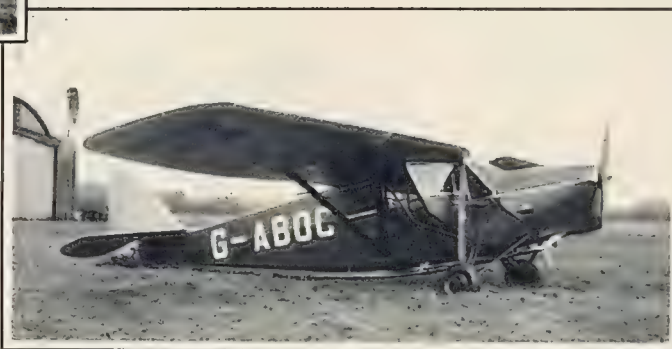
THE Duchess of Bedford, with her green Puss Moth G-ABOC, won the *Tatler* Concours d'Élégance for aircraft at Brooklands Aerodrome on the day after the R.A.F. Display. Second prize was won by Mr. A. F. Wallace, with his yellow Gipsy Moth G-AAHG. Captain F. E. Guest presented the Duchess with the *Tatler* Cup after the event. She is one of the keenest and most valuable supporters of aviation and

## The King's Cup Race.

On next Friday, the race for the King's Cup starts from Brooklands Aerodrome. Judging from the entries, I think that there is a good chance of its being the most interesting King's Cup race yet held. Certainly the scratch machine, Sir John Siddeley's Avro "Mailplane," with the Armstrong-Siddeley Panther II.A engine, is the fastest aircraft ever entered for this event, with a top speed of more than 180 miles an hour. It will be flown by Mr. H. A. Brown. Immediately before the Avro the most popular entry of all will start—that is, the Comper Swift with the Gipsy III. engine which has been entered by the Prince of Wales, and which will be flown by Flight-Lieut. E. H. Fielden. Mr. Styran, in a machine of identical type, starts at the same time as the Prince's machine.

The handicap times seem to favour the Puss Moths; but Captain Dancy and Mr. Rowarth have shown so many times that they know a good deal more about the speed capabilities of British aircraft than their own pilots do that it would be dangerous to take it for granted that a Puss Moth will win. The four "dark horses" are Sir John Siddeley's Avro, just mentioned; Captain Broad's Gipsy III.A Moth, entered by Lord Wakefield; Mr. Lawrence Hope's D.H. Fox Moth, also with the Gipsy III.A engine; and Mr. E. W. Percival's "Gull," with Hermes IV. engine.

Two separate conditions of weather must be postulated for estimating the chances: one, the still day; and two, the rough day with a high wind. The rough day favours the faster machines, and would direct attention to Mr. Brown, Captain Broad, Lieut.-Commander Geoffrey Rodd in his Puss Moth, and Flight-Lieut. H. M. Mellor in his Puss Moth. In calm weather, with either good or bad visibility, Mr. Lawrence Hope appears, on paper, to stand a good chance, while, if the visibility is really bad, a state of affairs which is always a possibility in this country, even in July, three other names beside that of Mr. Hope come into focus—Mr. S. A. Thorn, Mr. F. R. Walker and Mr. John Grierson. All these are determined and skilful bad-weather flyers. Flying-Officer E. C. T. Edwards, last year's winner, is in the Hermes III.B Arrow Active. Writing more than two weeks before the event, I incline to place my money on Lieut.-Commander Geoffrey Rodd.



AT THE RHEIMS CHAMPAGNE CELEBRATIONS

M. Magny (Préfet de la Marne), Group-Captain Bone, Attaché to the British Embassy, and Mr. Dieudonné Costes, the famous aviator who has twice flown the Atlantic, at Rheims last week at the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the discovery of champagne. Rheims is the centre of the champagne vineyards, and the fête was in honour of Dom Perignon



Oh my ears  
and whiskers!



it's  
GUINNESS  
TIME

*With apologies to Lewis Carroll  
and Sir John Tenniel.*

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOUR GOLF

G.E. 252



# Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"

By

**B**EFORE tackling the really serious work of a galley-slave chained to his oar, I feel that it would be very unseemly if I did not tender my sincerest felicitations to an old friend upon a really fine

achievement. Lieut.-Col. Percy-Smith, who is Douglas to a good many of us, has captured a Bongo in Kenya! If I had not seen this in print I could not have believed it: for my esteemed crony and boon companion never gave any indication, to me, that he could run as fast as a Bongo. You would have to be able to get the hundred under ten even to snatch a bit of tail fur or feather off one of these very agile animals.

\* \* \*

**A** Bongo, I read, is an antelope, and further enquiry from some eminent zoologists tells me that it is about as nippy as a four-footed chamois and can jump as far as even a Swiss Gasthaus chamois, which has more than four legs and can bite like Hell. So how, my dear Douglas, you ever got upsides beats me. This is the first Bongo that has ever been caught, and so my friend has won undying fame. History has never told us, by the way, the name of the first man who caught the first cobra, the first *tsain*, the first tiger, or the first elephant.

\* \* \*

**T**he mention of the name of Fowler in connection with the Gunner team—which I expect will have gone pretty near to winning the Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament by the time this is published—and the fact that he is a nephew of both Lieut.-General Sir John Fowler, R.E., who is Commandant of the Royal Corps of Signals, and of Captain Harry Fowler, ex-Master of the Meath, and, incidentally, one of the best men who has ever crossed that quite formidable country, has induced me to re-read Sir John Fowler's most interesting diary of his and Edwardes' (now Colonel Stanley Edwardes) thrilling adventures in Chitral. It was the time when the late Sir Charles Ferrers Townshend got boxed in the Chitral Fort, and there was, in consequence, a bit more "unrest" on a frontier that is never exactly still. Fowler and Edwardes were captured by treachery at a polo match arranged for their benefit by a scoundrel named Mahomet Issa Khan, with whom they had concluded a truce after a most gallant defence of a post at a place called Reshun. Mahomet Issa pretended that all he wanted to do was to

conclude an honourable peace. What he did was to seize these two British officers, who were his guests, and then go in and slaughter fifty out of the seventy fighting men left in the Reshun Post. This is quite agin the rules

of the game as played on the Frontier, and, though I have no personal love for the "Paythan"—particularly the Mahsud, who is a hog—I acquit him of playing it low down like this as a general thing. The only reason why Mahomet Issa did not finish the job and kill both Fowler and Edwardes was because his senior officer, one Umra Khan, who was at the bottom of most of the bother, wanted some hostages with which to bargain. Fowler and Edwardes nevertheless went through the hoop pretty badly till eventually released and sent to General Low's army, coming up from Peshawar.

\* \* \*

**O**ne of the first chaps Fowler met when he got inside the British picket line was a gentleman famous in history as Roddy Owen, who was doing a war correspondent's job, for which paper exactly I cannot remember. The animated door-mat of a pony Roddy Owen bought, however, I can recall, was promptly christened "Father O'Flynn," and Roddy Owen won the National on that horse in 1892. General Low—dead long ago, I am afraid—General Gatacre—ditto—were also in that show, and there was also "Baron Kelly of Gilgit." This was Colonel Kelly, who really relieved Chitral, and came over the passes from the Kashmir side through deep snow—and everyone, rather stupidly I thought, started this leg-haul about a peerage. Kelly's was a very gallant action. Someone else who was there was the *littérateur* we called "The Subaltern" (Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Irvine), partner in wickedness of "The Early Worm" (Eardley-Wilmot) and joint-editor of a cheery rag they called the *Foghorn*. Funny the way things link up! This Gunner No. 1; this polo game at Reshun; John Fowler, Umra Khan, Roddy Owen, "Father O'Flynn," Peshawar, Rahinston, Harry Fowler, a horse named "The Harrier" belonging to that same, the big Meath ditches, and through them to even me—whom that horse saved from being added to the list of Englishmen who have believed that they could ride over Meath—a quaint little chain proving once again how banal it is to make a remark about the size of this world.

*Continued on page viii)*

Truman Howell

## AT THE OLD SALOPIANS' DINNER—SHREWSBURY

This dinner was held on the night before the Shrewsbury School Speech Day. In this group are (seated): Alderman T. P. Deakin (on the School Governing Body), Canon H. A. P. Sawyer (the retiring Headmaster), Lord Bridgeman (Chairman of the Governing Body), Lord Rochdale, Sir Owen Seaman and Dr. T. E. Page (the famous scholar), and all three members of the Governing Body. Standing: Sir William Holdsworth, Captain Sir Offley Wakeman, Bt., Captain A. Heywood-Lonsdale and Sir John Miles; all also on the Governing Body—in fact, it was a very full muster

AT WIMBLEDON:  
MAITLAND AND MRS.SIR JOHN  
D. EARLE

A snapshot on one of the days when those hectic ties in the Championships were being played. Both Sir John Maitland and Mrs. Earle, who is a kinswoman of the late Duke of Cambridge, are great enthusiasts



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AU MATIN — BOIS DORMANT  
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# Petrol Vapour

By W. G. ASTON

"They Order these Things, etc."

I HOPE he will not think me rude if I express the hope that Lord Danesfort will spend some of the £40,000 windfall which he has recently received on a trip to Paris, and that he will take Lord Buckmaster and perhaps a few other motorphobe Peers with him. Since he has gratuitously appointed himself the censor of British road manners he can hardly refrain from taking every opportunity of getting first-hand information about what is being done in other countries towards reducing the number of highway accidents. In Paris he will find that the authorities, instead of being misled by any melodramatic clap-trap have acted with characteristic and relentless logic—thus showing that Sterne's apothegm still holds good, at least in certain matters. There the enlightened and practical Prefect of Police has realized that the pedestrian can be just as big a menace to the motorist as t'other way about. Henceforward when the former disregard traffic signals or ignore the safety zones marked out for their benefit or otherwise flout the *règlements de circulation*, they will not only be "pinched" and fined but they will be held strictly responsible for any consequences of their inattention. The good work has already begun for, according to the Paris correspondent of "The Sunday Times," in one afternoon in one small area no less than a score of jay-walkers were copped. To Lord Danesfort it will, no doubt, seem a most monstrous thing that authority should treat a pedestrian exactly as though he were a motorist, and I do not question that when he has a chance to do so he will register a personal and vigorous protest against this latest form of oppression. But most of us, who whilst being sometimes motorists, are necessarily sometimes foot-sloggers, will breathe the hope that some day soon a fair wind will carry some of this atmosphere of sound common sense to the larger towns of Great Britain. Even to put the thing on its lowest level of morality, the magisterial benches can hardly fail to see in the prosecution of the *casse-cou* pedestrian a ready means of enlarging their revenue, which must have fallen off considerably since the speed limit ceased to be.

## Poison Gas.

"The Daily Mail," in having accurate analyses made of the atmosphere in Bond Street and Piccadilly Circus has done a useful job of work, for it is just as well that we should know the truth about the stuff we have to breathe, even though there is no reason to be scared about it—as yet. It must be remembered, however, that traffic is bound to get more and more congested, and, that being the case, the proportion of deadly carbon-monoxide in the air of streets is likewise bound to get higher. Already, in Bond Street, it is too high, according to medical opinion, and I have not the least doubt about the fact for on two occasions, when hung up by blockages in this very place, I have experienced a very



AT THE DOG DERBY DINNER: SIR JOHN LAVERY, MISS BEDDINGTON, AND COLONEL MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P.

At the dinner at the White City dog-racing course the day Wild Woolley upset a hot favourite for the Dog Derby, Future Cutlet, Sir John Lavery may have been collecting "impressions" for a picture. Colonel Moore-Brabazon is the Conservative Member for Wallasey and the great pioneer in aviation

unpleasant fainty feeling which I have never otherwise known in a motor-car except once when an exhaust washer blew out and heavy rain induced me, very foolishly, to drive some little distance with the windows nearly shut. That is something I shall never do again, I give you my early bird. CO is an extremely nasty thing, for it is singularly insidious, and gets you down almost before you are aware that anything is wrong. What can be done about this latest street evil I don't pretend to know—except that, peradventure, it might be an improvement if buses did not run down Bond Street; this, after all, being an exceptional case. It has been suggested that the engines of all vehicles in a block should be stopped. But I don't see how

that could be put into effect, and I doubt if it would make any difference except to promote worse conditions, for it is when the exhaust gases strike cool metal that they give off the most carbon-monoxide. When, in the course of a year or two, we have lots of Diesels at work—and the Diesel is much closer upon us than many realize—it is conceivable that matters may be still worse, for this form of "bullgine" has a very distinct habit of niffing a bit. But, of course, all these troubles will be cured in time, even if we have to have rows of municipal fans stirring up the atmosphere. Meanwhile, does it not occur to you, oh British taxpayer, that if a way can be found for burning our coal once more under the boilers of liners, it may yet submit, either directly or indirectly, to being burnt in internal combustion engines. Which would be very nice, because then we could be amply self-supporting in the matter of fuel. There are, it is true, schemes for getting synthetic petrol from coal, and quite promising they are, but to my slow mind it occurs that by the time they have come to fruition the "petrol" engine may be moribundish; so now is the time to think

(Continued on p. xvi)



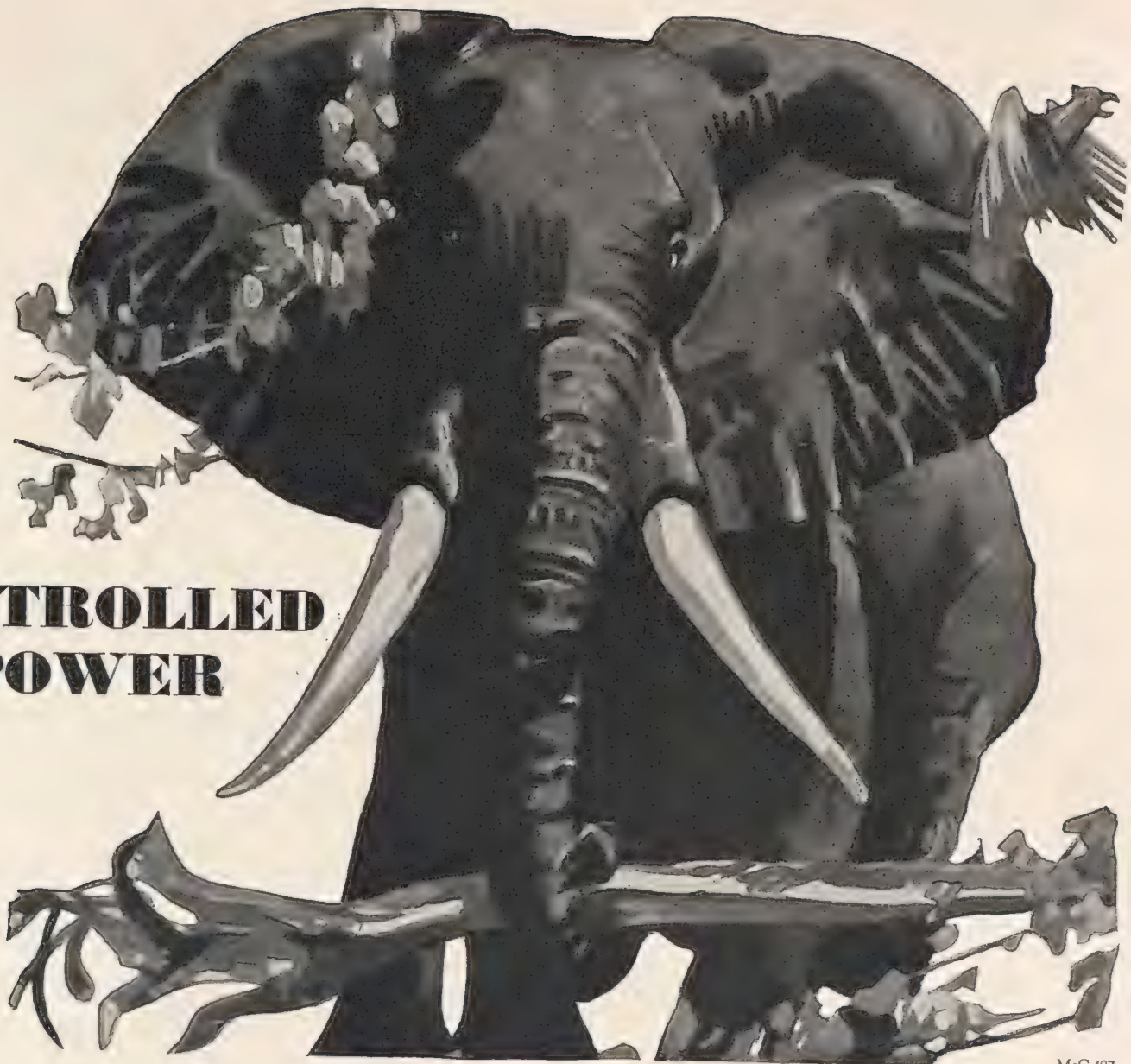
THE COLONEL AND OFFICERS OF THE IXth LANCERS AT STOB'S CASTLE

Stobs was at one time the home of the famous Borderer, "Gibby with the Gowden Garters," Gilbert Elliot, husband of Margaret, daughter of that other Border celebrity, Auld Wat of Harden and "The Flower of Yarrow." The names in the group, left to right, are: In front—Captain G. C. Bishop, Mr. Scott, Mr. Lawrie, Mr. Perry. Middle row—Major C. W. Norman, Mr. Buchanan-Dunlop, Mr. Gibbon, Major L. W. Diggle. At back—Captain Purvis, Mr. Pettit, Lieut.-Colonel J. J. Kingstone, Captain Todd, and Mr. Sykes

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



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# THUS SAID CALUM THE KEEPER

"MacCrimmon Will Never Return." By IAN COLVIN

CALUM knew well how to handle a boat; he had brought her in upon a fast tide between rocky islands to an inner bay. We had cooked mackerel in a frying-pan upon a fire of driftwood and then settled down above the shore that golden evening. How long ago—those happy, careless holidays of youth!

The tide was sinking, I remember, and revealed the dark mouth of a cave in the cliff of black basalt. We looked down on its rocky floor; between stones and weedy pools there seemed to be a pathway of silver sand.

"Let's explore it," someone said.

"Better not," said Calum.

From somewhere came faintly a far-off sound—a pibroch on the bagpipes.

"Is there a house up there?" we asked.

"May be and may be not; it makes no odds," said Calum.

The sun went down behind that great rock called "The Dutchman's Cap." The whole hillside fell under shadow.

"The music comes from that green knoll," said someone.

"That well it might," said Calum.

"No, from the cave," said another.

"It might be so," said Calum.

"Why, the cave was full of sea-water an hour ago," I said.

"There might be tunes in the cave for all that," said Calum.

We dreamed awhile, listening. Lying on our backs upon that sea-sward, we could see the buzzards circling high above the hill.

"What tune is it?" I asked.

"It is that tune, 'The MacCrimmon will Never Return,' that tune and no other," said Calum.

A raven flew barking home to his roost in the rocks. The moon came up, making a pathway of silver from shore to shore of the inlet.

"And that cave," Calum continued, "that will be called the cave of the MacCrimmon."

We were in the Isle of Mull, and I thought it odd, for the MacCrimmons were pipers to the MacLeods of Sleat in the Island of Skye, to the MacLeods and the MacDonalds.

"What were the MacCrimmons doing in the Island of Mull?" I asked. "It should have been a MacRaing."

"And that was what Rankin thought—exactly," said Calum.

The Rankins or MacRaings, as all the world knows, were pipers to the MacLeans of Duart, when the MacLeans of Duart were Lords of the Isle of Mull. The last of them played to Dr. Johnson when he dined with the young Laird of Coll, as you may read in "The Journey to the Western Islands": "The bag-piper played regularly when dinner was served, whose person and dress made a good appearance, and he brought no disgrace on the family of Rankine, which has long supplied the Laird of Coll with hereditary music." It must have been a nice entertainment to Johnson and Boswell in the displeased Castle of the MacLeans of Coll; but that was long afterwards, nor has it anything to do with this story.\*

"It would be Duncan MacRaing," continued Calum, "the finest piper of them all—and a great race of pipers they were! Had they not their own college here at Kilbrennan in the island itself, and not such another school of music except only the college the MacCrimmons had at Boreraig in the Island of Skye? There would be a great rivalry between these two, you may be sure of that."

"There would be, of course," we agreed.

"The MacCrimmons had their own secret music, the scale they called Canntacreachd, and that secret they kept so close that it died with them; but the MacRaings, they had their secret as well."

"What would that be?" I asked cautiously.

"The secrets of the MacRaings died with the MacRaings," replied Calum; "a close, dark, jealous, deep, dour lot they were. But they do say . . ."

An owl hooted among the cliffs above; it startled us all, then passed over us, like a small still white cloud.

"What do they say?" we asked.

"Well, they do say that Duncan Rankin had a daughter, and her name would be Janet, the prettiest dancer in all the Highlands and Islands, and they say when she was going home by herself one night she saw a light where a green hill should have been, and when she came to it the hillside was open, and she heard music and went inside and danced with them there all night, and in the morning when she came away she had the tune so running in her head that she played it over to her father, Duncan MacRaing; she played it over to him on the chanter."

"What did they call the tune, Calum?" I asked.

"They called it 'The Finger-Lock,'" said Calum, "which means, as you know, a hidden tune, a port failach. And a bonnie tune it was! He played it well, did Duncan—strange man that he was."

"How was he strange?" we asked.

"He just hated anybody that played the pipes as well as he played them—a jealous man, close and jealous. There was a piper came all the way from Northumberland to play against Duncan, and a great match it was. The one stood on an old wall above Kilbrennan and the other on the hill they call Cnoc-nampiobairean to this day. They stood and strutted there like two cocks, playing against each other from sunrise till sunset; they played half the tunes in the Ceol Mor; but at last Duncan played 'The Finger-Lock' and the Englishman had nothing quite like it."

"But Englishmen can't play the bagpipes," one of us interrupted.

"They did in those days," replied Calum; "but if you don't believe me, of course, I will say no more."

"Of course we believe you," we said in chorus.

"Ah weel," said Calum, mollified, "the MacLean himself was the judge, and naturally gave the prize to his own piper; but he said, 'Cha robh ann ach gun do bhuidinn MacRaing,' which, as you know, means 'Rankin won, but that was all.'"

"A close thing it was, Calum."

"It was that and all, and Duncan was mortally hurt to hear these words; and when the Englishman was for going home he followed him to the Sound of Mull and killed him there, near Aros Bridge, and buried him in the field called Dail-ant-Sassenach to this day."

"Well, the next thing was that an Irishman came along at the time of the hay harvest, and played pibroch for pibroch against Rankin. If you play a pibroch as they played them, there is first the Urlar and its doubling, and syne the Fosgailte and its variation, and so on, and for every grace note that Duncan played the Irishman played another. Pibroch for pibroch! They played 'The Comely Tune,' and 'You're Welcome, Ewen Lochiel,' and 'Grain in Hides and Corn in Sacks,' and many more besides, and when they had played them all in the finest manner the Irishman changed his hands on the chanter, and played them with the right hand on top and the left hand below, which was a refinement beyond the powers of Duncan."

"Ye maun understand that at this Duncan was so mad he whipped out his dirk and cut off his little finger."

"The Irishman's?" we asked.

"No, his ain."

"He never could play more?" said one of us.

"There you're wrong," replied Calum, "for it happens that the little finger of the left hand is the one finger you can spare when you're playing the pipes; but MacLean o' Duart didna' ken as much, and Duncan told the chief that the Irishman had done it, and Duart sent after the Irishman and had him killed at the Ferry of Ardnamurchan, and Rankin wrote a lovely lament for the poor fellow, which he called 'Cumha Morair.'"

"An unchancy thing to play against Duncan MacRaing!"

"But did he beat MacCrimmon?" I asked.

"I'm coming to that," replied Calum. "On a day of days, Patrick Og MacCrimmon, himself and no other, came over the sea in his boat from Skye and challenged Duncan to a match on the pibrochs. And when Janet saw the lad stepping out of the boat dressed in the braws of the MacLeod's piper, she liked him sae weel that she taught him the hidden tune on the chanter. Women have been like that since the Garden of Eden; they never could keep a secret."

(Continued on p. xii)

\* For a more full and authentic history of these hereditary musicians, see "The Rankins, Pipers to the MacLeans of Duart and later to the MacLeans of Coll," by Henry White, Clan MacLean Association, Glasgow.



# Abdulla's contribution to National Economy



WHEN DUKES ARE PARTING WITH THEIR ESTATES AND STOCKBROKERS WITH THEIR WIVES' PEARL NECKLACES, IT IS TIME THAT ABDULLA DID SOMETHING.

ABDULLA has done something. He has made it possible for these orphans of the blizzard to go on pampering their highly sensitised palates and yet look the Registrar in Bankruptcy squarely in the eye.

FOR TO-DAY they (and all of us) can buy the new Abdulla 'Salisbury' cigarettes—either Virginia or Turkish—and pay a mere shilling for a score of them. These cigarettes, it will be well understood, are not on the large side, because

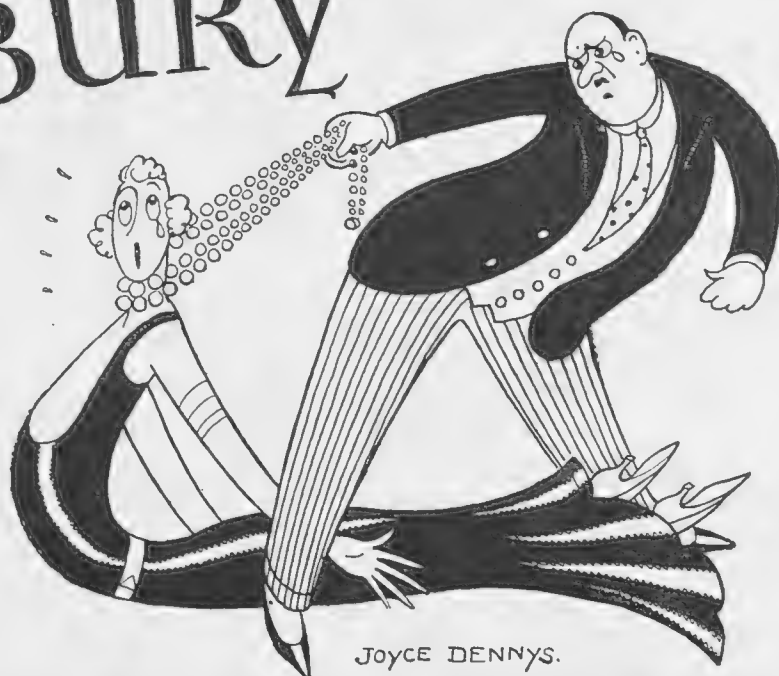
they inherit the Abdulla quality complex; but they are of fair proportions, and of a most excellent high virtue withal.

IF YOU happen to be neither a Duke nor a Stockbroker, but just one of those simple folk who ordinarily pay a shilling for their twenty cigarettes, you will not save money by buying these new Abdullas. But you will be getting what commercial people call 'better value,' and that's really just as edifying.

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# EVE AT GOLF

**W**HY do good things always come, like misfortunes, in bunches? It would be so pleasant to write about how Miss Fieldhouse, who is engaged to Mr. Eric Fidian, won the Midland Championship, real match play affair this year, with Mrs. Hickman (Miss Kitty Beard) runner-up. Also there is Surrey's breathless skin-of-the-teeth arrival in the County Finals, after beating Kent handsomely and Essex only just, and the "Commons" win 18½ to 10½ from the "Lords."

But the Scottish Championship must come first, a glorious impression of bright sun and blue sea, baked course, terrific fighting, grand golf, and Mrs. Andrew Holm winner once again. So much always happens at a Scottish championship.



That Cruden feeling: Miss Molly Hair, Miss Hendry, and Miss Bell enjoying an extra good brand of Scottish sunshine

First of all score play, in all its grimness. Not that these Scotties are ever really grim; that is why it is such a delight to report their golf, and to watch it. They do not seem nearly so madly keen to beat one another as to beat the course, the elements and the original sin, which is in all golfers, by playing really well. Somebody else's fine golf appears just as pleasing to any one of them as their own.

So the Eglinton Quaich, scratch team play, is the first preliminary. Troon, the holders, held on grandly (Miss McCulloch, Mrs. Greenlees, Mrs. Coats, Miss Crawford), and won again; incidentally they also won the new Grainger Cup, for the same competition under handicap, only since they could not take both, that went to Miss Grainger's own club, St. Rule. Their team included Miss Helen Nimmo, whose 83 was the best score of the day, so justice was well served all round. Sunday rest, and then the individual score competition, and Mrs. Walter Greenlees playing such glorious golf—there is no other epithet quite suitable—that she returned 75, three less than par. Her putter, familiarly known as Calamity Jane, had to be renamed Economy Jane, and it showed the stuff that round was made of that when Mrs. Greenlees told the recording angels in the official tent that she had done 75, they seriously thought her to be joking. The other fresh trophy, the Margaret Scouler-Buchanan Cup, for the best aggregate, scratch, on the two days, went to Mrs. Greenlees with 160, Mrs. Andrew Holm, the champion-about-to-be, second, six strokes worse, she having been the only other player on the Monday to arrive in the gross seventies with 79.

Then we were able to cut the cackle and get to the 'osses, only cackling a little sadly that Mrs. Watson could not leave home to come to Cruden as well as go to France on behalf of Great Britain, and that Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, although at Cruden, thought she could serve her country best (we are all so International these days) by scratching, too, from the Scottish.

The chief sensation of the first day was provided, just as it was in 1931, by Miss Sophie Millar of Gullane putting out the holder. Miss McCulloch played well enough; the putts the pair of them holed and the approaches they put dead would fill this page without



Scottish Champion again: Mrs. Andrew Holm, who beat Mrs. Coats at the 23rd hole in the final

anything else, but Miss Millar was in winning vein, Miss McCulloch perhaps over anxious, and it was Miss Millar who got home 2 and 1. It was considerable consolation to everybody (everybody always has a little quiet weep when Miss McCulloch is beaten) that Miss Millar went on triumphantly to get her bronze medal, and only lost then on the last green to Mrs. Holm. Next day sensation number two, defeat of Miss Doris Park, who has twice been picked over the head of the reigning champion for the British team, and of whom therefore great things are inevitably expected. There is no denying that Miss Park plays extraordinarily fine shots, but there is equally no denying that she does also play too many right down loose ones for a British teamster. And,



Miss Worthington, her niece, Miss Dorothy Herbert, and Miss Rawson on the 3rd tee at New Zealand. Miss Herbert, who plays for York Ladies and is a good match winner, recently did a hole in one at her home club

By  
ELEANOR E. HELME

worst of all, she is liable in moments of stress to play without pausing to so much as take breath, far less thought. So it was in this match. She and Mrs. George Coats, who only played sixth for Scotland at Saunton, were riposting long putts one against the other, with Mrs. Coats never worse than square, and mostly up. At the 13th Miss Park had 2 for the half, with Mrs. Coats lying just beyond the hole, 3 yards from Miss Park. Up dashed Miss Park, and before any of the gasping gallery realized she had even arrived at the ball, it had arrived a yard the other side of hole and ball, dead stymied. That did it; Mrs. Coats got home on the 17th green.

Miss Park, like Miss McCulloch could, however, take much comfort from Mrs. Coats'



Winner of the Llandrindod Wells tournament: Miss Shelagh Gibbs of the Royal Porthcawl Club with her trophies. Mrs. Cameron Scott was runner-up

subsequent exploits. She might so easily have gone to bits that afternoon; instead she played almost equally well to beat Miss Nan Baird, the West of Scotland champion, and there she was in the semi-final arrayed against Mrs. Greenlees, whom western wiseacres (we are all west or east in sympathies in a Scottish championship) had picked as the probable champion. Certainly she has been playing

(Continued on p. xii)



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# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

WOMEN are wearing the prettiest of summer frocks, and the last week at Wimbledon was like unto a flower garden, the colours were so lovely. There were cotton frocks of a rather severe aspect, the stripes arranged in a variety of ways; perhaps the most decorative being "en chevron." Again, there were the printed crêpe de chine as well as the white Macclesfield silk affairs which were accompanied with gaily-coloured scarves and shady hats, the latter trimmed to match the scarves.

Garlands of artificial and natural flowers are still seen although they are not so popular. Beach suits are quite simple and are worn with brassières, and this accessory is present in many of the swimmers; in the latter it is woven in and forms an integral part of the suit. Well-cut crêpe suède skirts are seen in conjunction with decorative blouses of organdie. Cotton evening frocks are seen at the river clubs; when made of printed fabrics the coatee is plain and is frequently finished with sash ends.

The dresses themselves are innocent of backs or have narrow bands worked up into a trellis or brace effect; in some cases epaulette sleeves are present



PICTURES BY BLAKE

ALTHOUGH jersey tweed has been in vogue for some time it will retain its prominent position for many months to come. Robert Heath, 37, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, appreciating this fact, is showing some particularly smart suits carried out in it, one of which finds pictorial expression on this page; it is a study in beige and brown. Note the clever hip yoke with a spade effect in front finished with buttons; as will be seen the jumper is double-breasted, although the coat is not; the skirt is arranged with inverted pleats. All the clever devices that go to the making of a slimming frock are present in the white romaine model on the left; it is moulded to the figure and has a graceful cowl drapery. It is accompanied by an attractive coatee; the upper part of the sleeve is enriched with crystal embroidery, while a line of buttons is introduced from the elbows to the wrists. Here are likewise to be seen effective printed chiffon and lace frocks. Furthermore, great attention has to be given to fashions for sports and country wear in general. It must also be related that nowhere is there a more representative collection of headgear to be seen for town and country wear

Models, Robert Heath





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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

## An Infinite Variety of Accessories.

Blouses and their relations are ever of paramount importance when the holidays are within measurable distance. Debenham and Freebody are making a feature of the suède crêpe affair on the left for 20s.; the bow may be tied or the ends cascade down the front. A strong point in favour of the coatee jumper is that it will suit practically every type of figure. It is made of ecru Nottingham lace, the deep frills being of point d'esprit edged with lace; as will be seen, it is moulded over the hips, nevertheless, the cost is only 50s. Too much cannot be said in favour of the tailored corduroy velveteen coats. In many colours they are 57s. 6d.



*Finely corded silk in that lovely shade of green that is so modish makes this evening frock and dress, which is included in Debenham and Freebody's sale*

*A study in contrasts are these simple jumpers from Debenham and Freebody; the one on the left is of crêpe suède strewn with spots, and the model on the right of fine Nottingham lace*

*All wool remain makes this coat from Debenham and Freebody's, the scheme is completed with a narrow collar of ermine, and it is lined throughout, which is an immense advantage*

## A Sale of High Social Status.

It is always a satisfactory and pleasant thing to shop at Debenham and Freebody's (Wigmore Street) summer sale. All the model gowns have had their prices reduced by half and, in some instances, more. The evening gown pictured on this page expressed in finely corded silk is £7 10s., the dress is sleeveless but the coatee has those of the puff character. Then there are other models, the prices of which ranged from 18½ to 50 guineas—now 10 and 15 guineas. In the inexpensive department there are satin dresses enriched with floral garlands for £4 4s.

## Coats For All Occasions.

It is in the mantle department on the ground floor that the coat pictured on the right of this page may be seen, and although it is made of all wool remain, with a real ermine collar, the cost is only £4 4s. By the way, there is a group of model coats for £12; formerly they were £20 to £25, some with fur collars and others innocent of them. Then there are evening wrap coats of ring velvet with gauged sleeves for £5. Holiday coats in tweed are 50s., and rubberized Indiana affairs for £1. They are available in three sizes in various colours and off-white shades.

## Ready For the Autumn.

Everyone must make a point of visiting the knit-wear department, as in addition to the sale bargains there are suits that have been created for autumn wear. Two pounds is the cost of a cardigan-suit; it is of wool with a dark ground, showing a chicken's foot design; it is made in three sizes, and there is a similar suit for the same amount strewn with spots. Neither must it be overlooked that there are three-piece suits consisting of skirt, cardigan, and lace-wool sweater for £3.



Ellis  
Fulton



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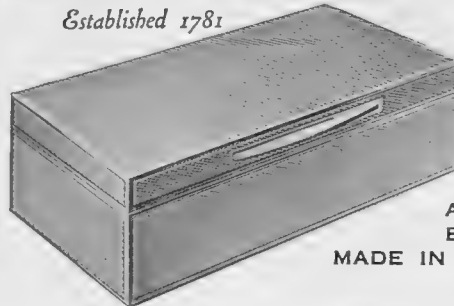
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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

### Tailored Suits and Wraps.

Too much cannot be said in favour of the Studington lightweight luxury camel coats for men and women; they are hand-tailored and perfectly cut, and as their weight is insignificant they are excellent top coats; illustrations of these will gladly be sent on application to 51, Conduit Street, or 67, Chancery Lane. Pictured on this page is a summer coat of wool georgette and a tailored suit of light-tweed; by the way, emphasis must be laid on the fact that this firm excels in making from self-measurement forms.

### A Book of Ribbons.

It is an immense advantage to every woman to own "The Book of Ribbons"; this she may obtain by writing to J. and J. Cash of Coventry; it will be sent gratis and post free together with the name and address of the nearest agent, although this may seem somewhat superfluous as they are sold practically everywhere. They are specially woven for lingerie, and will stand the strain of vigorous exercise; they will neither break nor fray. They are available in a variety of widths and colours. They wash remarkably well and do not lose their pristine beauty, and of course it is not necessary to remove them from the garments before sending them to the laundress. They are made at this firm's works at Coventry by British workers.

### Treatments by Mechanical Suction.

Among the most troublesome things that have to be considered in beauty culture are lazy muscles; they simply love to sag and, unless firm corrective measures are taken, decline to do any work. Countess Csáky has perfected a process of mechanical massage and daily gives treatments in her artistic salons at 1, Dover Street, Piccadilly. Instead of the fingers she uses a little disc that suggests a stethoscope; the sensation is soothing; nevertheless it is plainly noticeable that the muscles are being persuaded to work; at times it seems as though the face is being lifted; this is so beneficial to drooping contours. Subsequently there is a face bath—it has been inspired by those of Turkish origin—and then there comes the soothing light treatment; subsequently another massage. It is not until a treatment has been undergone that it is realized the good work

that it does. A consultation without charge may be arranged, and attention must be drawn to the fact that the fees for the scientific treatments are particularly moderate.

### An Elixir of Loveliness.

So accustomed are the majority of us to associate Ess-Viotto with the hands that it is overlooked that it does really work wonders with the complexion; it is beautifying, protecting, soothing, and is a perfect base for powder. When required for the hands a few drops should be sprinkled on the palms and the skin massaged with it; it is advisable to do this before drying; this gives the skin a smooth and velvety appearance. It is created by Bronnley and is sold practically everywhere in 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., and 6s. 9d. bottles.

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No one can possibly cavil at the statement that Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia is the first line of defence against childish ailments. It is antiseptic in the true sense of the word, because it increases the powers of resistance against the many morbid influences which are liable to upset the lives of children. Members of the older generation will derive great benefit from it when taken as a saline draught, or as a cooling drink when a teaspoonful of lemon juice may be added. Again, it corrects acidity and is an aperient.

### From the 11th to 16th.

Harrods' (Knightsbridge, S.W.) summer sale is a very important event. It begins on Monday, 11th, and terminates on the 16th. On Wednesday the store will remain open until 8 p.m. There are literally thousands of bargains, and among them are two-piece suits with cardigan coats for 50s., usually 4 guineas; and sweaters and cardigans from 8s. 6d. Again,

there are evening gowns of satin crêpe de chine and georgette for 50s. instead of 6½ guineas, while this firm's famous Harmac weathercoats are 16s. 6d. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that there is a limited number of summer dresses in printed voiles and collars in small sizes for 3s. 6d. The matron will be pleased to learn that printed crêpe de chine dresses that a few days ago were 6½ guineas are now 80s. Zenana dressing-gowns, lined with silk, are 52s. 9d.



A FASHIONABLE COAT AND TAILORED SUIT

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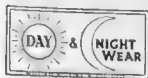
“Phew !  
why don’t  
they pull

the sun-blinds down to-day ?”

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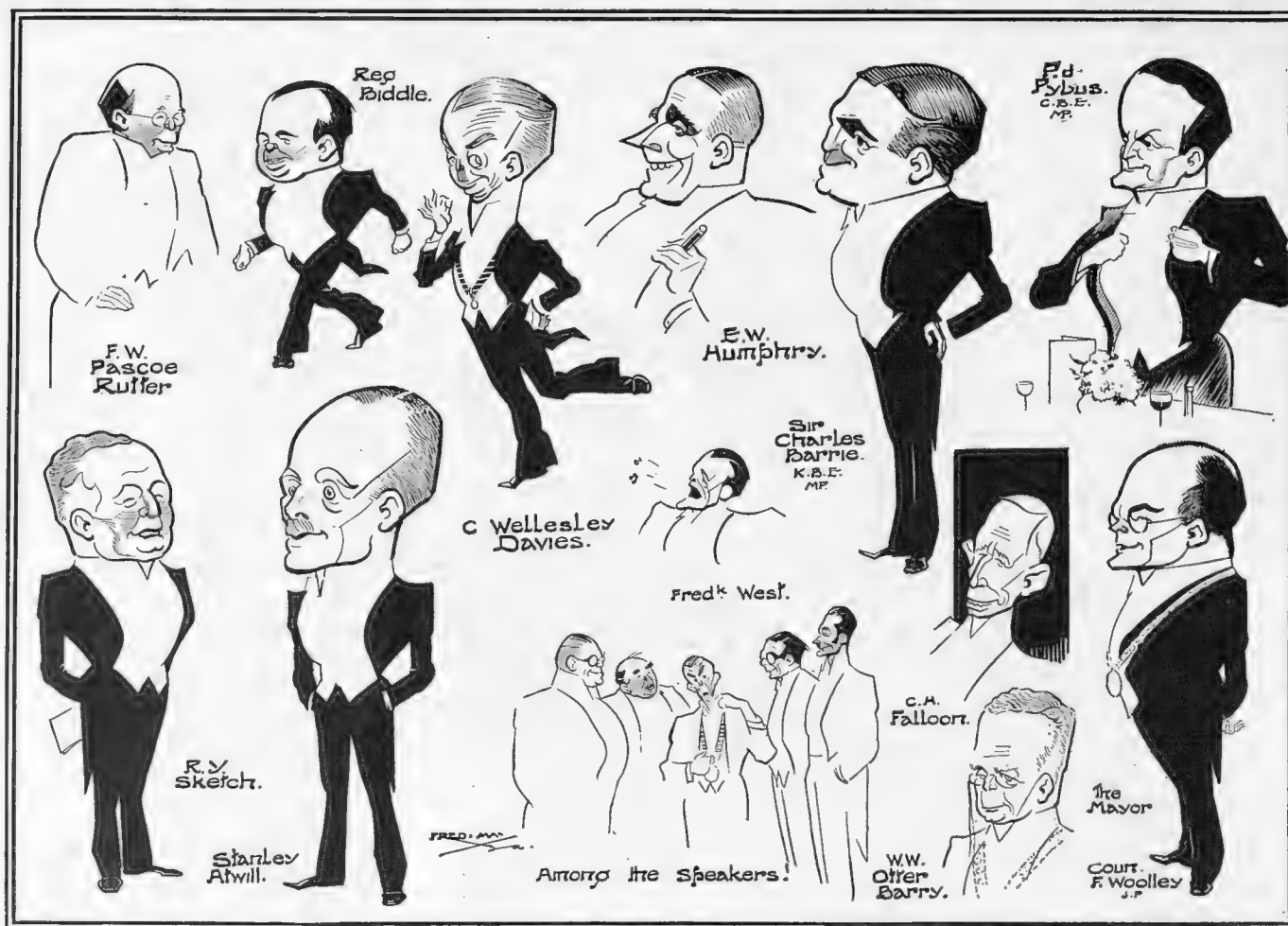
**Rochene**

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## THE CHARTERED INSURANCE INSTITUTE BANQUET



This banquet, held in connection with the annual conference of the Chartered Insurance Institute, was held at the South-Western Hotel, Southampton, Mr. C. Wellesley Davies, President of the Insurance Institute of Southampton, being in the chair. Amongst the principal guests were Mr. P. J. Pybus, Minister of Transport, the Mayor of Salisbury (Councillor J. S. Rambridge), and Sir Charles Barrie, the Member for Southampton. The Mayor and Admiral of the Port of Southampton (Councillor F. Woolley) replied to the toast, "The Town and Port of Southampton," and the toast of "The Chartered Insurance Institute and its Kindred Bodies" was proposed by Mr. W. Palin Elderton, President of the Institute of Actuaries, and responded to by Mr. W. W. Otter-Barry, President of the Chartered Insurance Institute.

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## Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 34

And as we are, or I am, talking about The Frontier, because there is only the one where most Britishers are concerned, it is appropriate that I produce a picturesque account of the Wana Hunt Point-to-Point:—

To let you see that life still has its brighter moments in the "Shiny" I am enclosing herewith a copy of the programme of one point-to-point meeting which was held at Wana, Waziristan, on the 5th inst. It was a popular show and provided a very good afternoon's amusement for the Jawans and the local gentry. The first race was for the Cavalry detachment up here, which is at present furnished by that well-known unit "The Guides."

All the entrants turned up for the Transport and Infantry Mule Race, some getting to the starter by devious routes. However, they were all got away and it was an exciting contest. The Transport Company did well, getting the first three places. One or two riders hit the dust and how the others managed to stay on I don't know as the course was a tricky one and included a nullah with a dry ditch at the bottom over which some of the mules hopped like old hunters. The third race was a team race for three officers from each mess, and, unfortunately, owing to leave and lameness only two teams competed—the Gunners and Sappers providing one team and the 4th Batt. 14th Punjab Regiment the other. The Master and the First Whip of our local drag were riding in the former team. The trophy is a very nice one representing a frontier fort on a hill, the fort being of beaten silver and the hill is very well represented in copper.

The competition for the trophy was open to Mess teams in golf, tennis, and the point-to-point. The 4th Batt. 14th Punjab Regiment (24th Punjabis) having won the golf and being runners-up in the tennis and point-to-point won the trophy with four points, two other units running them close with three points each. The course is described as "about two miles," but it was much nearer three than two. From the start to the first flag was good going, there being only one nullah to negotiate. Here it turned right-handed over a ditch into

heavy ploughed land, which was terraced about every ten yards, the horses having to jump on to each terrace, one of which was a nasty one about four feet high. From here the course went into a nullah over very difficult going with a ditch on the far bank. It then went across an open plain with two good water canal jumps to another nullah, which could only be got into and out of by something which looked like a goat track, and then out into the open again to meet a real rasper in the form of a "Karez." The karez was about twelve to fifteen feet deep and five feet wide and with the mud banks on either side a horse had to stand well back to get over. It was the cause of several refusals. After this the going was quite good to the winning post. This course was also covered in the chargers and seven eighths race. In the team race the gunners and sappers' team won easily, Lieutenant Haigh of the former being first past the post after a very fast race. The Chargers Race was won fairly easily by Lieutenant McCormack of the Signals.

The Khassadars Race was very amusing—please note no arms were allowed to be carried. With arms and legs waving and shirt tails and baggy trousers flapping in the wind they looked like a lot of animated scarecrows. Their mounts were of the 13 to 14 hand tat variety, most of them not in "Derby" condition. For "safety first" reasons some of these gentry accompany the local drag on hunting days, and it is very amusing to watch them covering the ground. At a bigish ditch where one says, "Thank goodness that one is behind me," they come along all legs and wings, and generally stop and step over it in some way or other. I may say that silence was not observed during the race, and the riders kept urging their mounts forward with guttural yells and cries—all in Pushtu. The second mule race was won by the Signals, who also got second and third places.

The last event of the day was a race for the Khassadars' children. Well over a dozen started in the race, which was a distance handicap—yards for years. It was laughable to see a keen father pushing forward the apple of his eye another two or three yards to beat the starter. Each child got a bag of sweets, to which the fond parents helped themselves first, and, generally, very liberally. The local Maliks were entertained to tea during the afternoon.



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degree of silence which has been obtained by the makers, but perhaps I can give a slight indication to readers who own cars of fairly high grade. If they will descend the next hill that they come to by putting their gear-lever into neutral and switching off the engine the sensation thus gained is something akin to that obtained when travelling in a Rolls-Royce at *any* speed within its range."

*A. Percy Bradley M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. in the 'Sphere' June 4th 1932*

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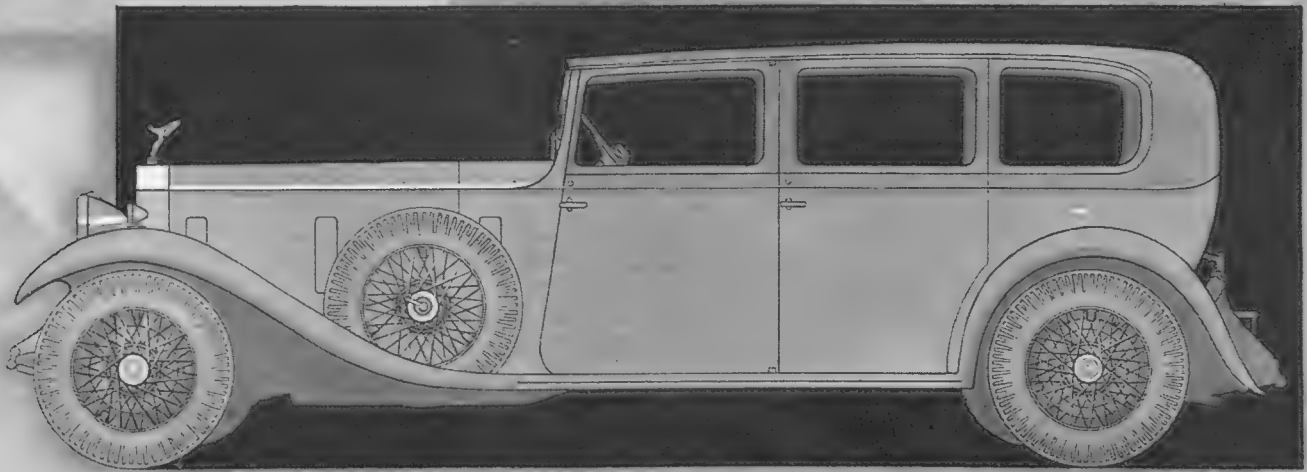


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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



Lieut. and Mrs. J. R. Bryans

Who were married on June 23, at St. Columba's, Pont Street. Lieutenant John Reginald Bryans, R.N. (retired), is the elder son of the late Rev. Reginald du Faure Bryans and the late Mrs. Bryans, and his bride was formerly Miss Anne Margaret Gilmour, the elder daughter of Colonel Sir John Gilmour and the late Mrs. Gilmour of Montrave, Leven, Fife

of the late Lieut.-Colonel Hardicker and Mrs. Percy Dean of Laverock, Sunningdale, Berks; Mr. Philip Granville Sharp, the elder son of Mr. H. G. Sharp of Norfolk House, Sutton, Surrey, and Mrs. Sharp of Minsmere, Canford Cliffs, Bournemouth, and Miss Vivien Ham, the only daughter of Engineer Rear-Admiral and Mrs. W. H. Ham of Pelham, Lindsay Road, Bournemouth;

## In Singapore.

On the 16th of this month, Mr. James Swan Laird of Jemima Estate, Mambau, F.M.S., and Miss Muriel Mayson, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Mayson of 5, Woodstock Drive, Singapore, are being married at Singapore Cathedral.

## This Month.

Dr. George Haythorne Bradshaw and Miss Dorothy Margaret Duke are to be married at Holy Trinity Church, Prince Consort Road, Kensington, on July 11; on the 16th, Mr. James Derek Deuchar, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, is marrying Miss Hilda Suzanne Newman at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; the marriage between Mr. Edward Locker Delmar-Morgan and Miss Maureen Halahan is taking place on the 20th at Holy Trinity Church, Kensington Gore.

## Recent Engagements.

Mr. Graham Neville Yeatman, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Neville G. Yeatman of Parkstone, Dorset, and Miss Lilian Mabel (Lulu) Gruning, the daughter of the late Hon. John F. Gruning, C.I.E., of the Indian Civil Service, and Mrs. Gruning of Parkstone; Mr. George Ellis Blundell, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Blundell of Wellfield, Lathom, Lancs, and Miss Betty Hardicker, the only daughter

Lieut.-Commander Edgar Henry Douglas Spence, R.N. (retired), Flight-Lieutenant, F.A.F.O., the elder son of the late Consul-General and Mrs. John Bowring Spence, and Miss Katharine Grassick, the younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. George Lumsden Grassick of Linlithgow, West Lothian.



Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. W. L. Bond

Lieut.-Commander William Luard Bond, R.N., of H.M.S. "Dauntless" and Miss Lorna Wigram, the younger daughter of the late Mr. H. J. Wigram of Tissington, Derbyshire, were married on June 21, at South Collingham, Notts. The names of the three bridesmaids are Miss Norah Moore, Miss Mary Bond, and Miss Joan Bond, and the best man was a brother officer



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the surface merely conceal the evidence of age. Creams, lotions and powders do not reach these deeper layers and are helpless to induce natural renovation and growth of the skin tissues which are undergoing the process of ageing. If the skin is to retain and regain its youthful beauty the tissues must be revitalised from within.

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## Thus Said Calum the Keeper

(Continued from p. 38)

"They made a great tussle of it, Patrick Og MacCrimmon and Duncan MacRaing. Never was such piping! Whether they stepped or whether they stood, in everything they reached perfection's sacred height. They caught and threw back the variations from t'ane to t'ither, like tennis balls. Duncan played 'The Lament for the Little Supper,' and Patrick played 'The Lament for the Great Supper'; then Duncan played 'The Furious Battle o' the Birds,' and Patrick, not to be outdone, played 'The MacCrimmon's Sweetheart—My Dearest on Earth, give me your Kiss,' which brought the tears to the eyes of Janet.

"At last Duncan, hard-pressed, came out with the a'ghlasmeur, the Finger-Lock, that his daughter had heard from the Daoine-Sith in the green hill at Laggan Ulva. O it was a bonnie tune, and the whole clan o' the MacLeans gave a shout, for they thought Duncan had won. But Patrick, remembering what he had learnt from Janet, stepped out and played it over, on the secret scale of the MacCrimmons, carrying out all manner o' doublings and variations that Duncan had never thocht o', so that a sigh went up out o' the crowd."

"Duncan had to admit that he was beaten?"

"He was never the man for that! Na, na, but Duart and a' his MacLeans had but one opinion—that MacCrimmon was cock o' the walk."

"And then?" we asked.

"Duncan spoke fair to Patrick Og and said he was a grand piper, as indeed he was, and gave him a sup o' the whisky they make in Tobermory, so Patrick asked him where he learned that hidden tune; and Duncan said that it was when he went piping into this cave by the seashore. There were, he said, Daoine-Sith that lived in that cave; they gave him the feadan-sith and taught him the port failach.

"So Patrick Og MacCrimmon, being young and foolish, stepped into that cave, with the bag pressed into his oxster, and the pipes spread over his shoulder like the tail o' a peacock, playing the tune which is called



IN 'PARTY'—MISS NANCY PAWLEY

Miss Nancy Pawley plays the part of Eva in the entertaining comedy at the Strand Theatre. It is all about a lady who is only ready to marry a peer if success on the stage is denied her. It isn't, so she decides to remain a commoner

to this day, 'The MacCrimmon will Never Return,' and the tartan silk ribbons flying out behind like the spray of the sea.

"A handsome lad, with a black cock's-tail in his bonnet, and Janet Rankin grat as she saw him go in, and behind him went his collie, with its tail between its legs."

"Did he ever come out?" we asked.

"He never came out," said Calum. "Janet waited long; but the tide came up and filled the mouth o' the cave, and no MacCrimmon ever came back; but they say that his dog crawled out of a hole at the other side of the Island of Mull, a month afterwards, as thin as a rake and as wild as the wind, with never a hair on its body."

## Eve at Golf—continued from p. 40

great golf, though no greater than Mrs. Holm, who had simply made no acquaintance with the last seven holes of the course until she met Miss Catherine Park in the round before the semi-final and had to play twenty holes and play them extraordinary well to win. As aforesaid, Miss Millar chased Mrs. Holm to the 18th next morning; Mrs. Coats—always at her best against the best—got home on the 17th from Mrs. Greenlees.

As for the final, what is the use of calling it eighteen holes, if the players turn it into twenty-three on a grilling afternoon? It was really first-class golf, as good as many Open finals, both round in 78, which is par, and a bad shot almost invariably atoned for by a run-up dead or a long putt down. Mrs. Holm was never down, but towards the end she faltered over the short putts, and Mrs. Coats, fighting with amazingly calm cheeriness, squared the match. She missed a half chance at the 21st; at the 22nd Mrs. Holm, apparently beaten, put a long run up into the very jaws of the hole; at the 23rd Mrs. Coats pushed her tee shot, and that was that, the finish of the longest final in any woman's golf championship. So 1932 and 1930 have produced not only the same winners of "Eve" Scottish Foursomes but the same Scottish champion.

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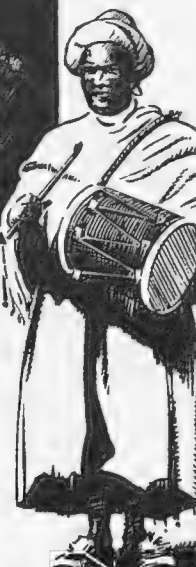
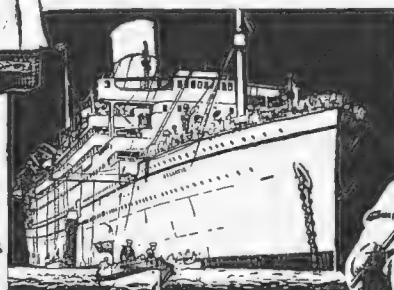
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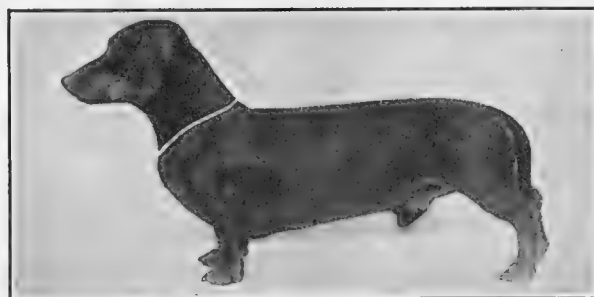
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## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The A.S.P.A.D. Society held its summer working trials on June 20 and 21 at Idsworth by kind permission of Lady Howe. Idsworth has been the scene of many trials, but none more successful than these. The ground and the weather were both ideal; Mrs. Howard, the secretary, had everything in complete working order and there was no hitch. The first day was devoted to tracking, the second to the other work. The entries were mostly Alsations, but there were six entries from the famous Send kennels and one Groenendael. The work as a whole was good and most interesting to watch. Lady Howe most kindly provided lunch and tea for all under the trees and everyone spent two thoroughly enjoyable days.



KIMPTON BEDWYN  
The property of Miss Hay

that for a time he was judged on head points only and soundness suffered, but this was a phase which many breeds underwent to their great detriment. All this is altered now the dandie is in the right hands and his soundness is second to none. He is a delightful dog, both in character and appearance, and it is no wonder he is seen about everywhere. Miss Horsfall's dandies are famous; though her kennel is small it has done its share of winning. She sends a picture of two of her dogs which was taken at our Open Show. She has a litter for sale, very well bred, the mother is her famous Judy who has bred so many winners, but these pups are for sale at very moderate prices, as Miss Horsfall wants them settled in nice homes before August.

One of the most successful kennels of cairns is that owned by Mrs. Dixon. She has built up her strain by years of careful and thoughtful breeding, and no kennel brings out more winners in a year than the Gunthorpe kennel. She finds herself now overstocked, and is willing to sell some of her young show stock as well as the ordinary companion dogs. Mrs. Dixon has bred several champions, and has at present some most high-class dogs. Anyone wishing to start cairns could not do better than go to her, as the dogs are none of the chance-bred, but all pedigrees are carefully thought out. Mrs. Dixon's kennels are situated on the Watford by-pass, a great advantage, as the dogs see so much "life" that they are never in the least shy.



CAIRN TERRIERS  
The property of Mrs. Dixon

The rise of the dandie to favour of late years has been a most pleasant feature. There was a period when this charming dog suffered from the fact

Again a short-legged "earth dog," this time the ever popular dachshund. These dogs are one of the most popular breeds and no wonder; they are highly intelligent, very adaptable, and very sporting; in the land of their origin they are used by keepers as terriers are here. They make delightful house-dogs as their short coats are no trouble. Miss Hay had a bad time in the winter with distemper, but all that is over, and she finds herself with a good many puppies and youngsters of both sexes for sale, including an adult dog over distemper and house-trained, another eight months old over distemper, and some puppies three months old all over distemper. There is no doubt that for a person wanting a companion it is a great advantage to get a dog that has had distemper and if house-trained too—so much the better!

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



DANDIES  
The property of Miss Horsfall

## Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid  
and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time.

It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability and lassitude.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking

hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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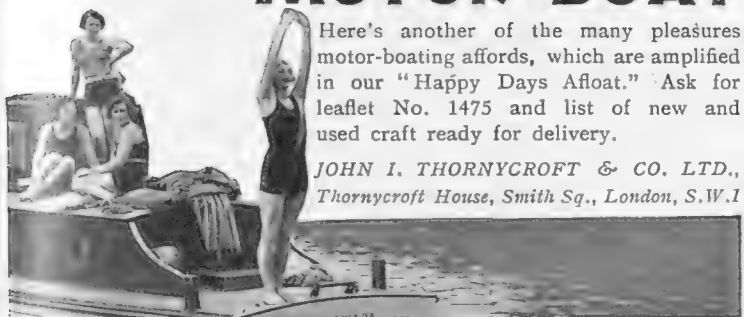
York is now a big garrison town. It was a Roman military camp in A.D. 80. The threads of England's history have been woven here ever since: in the shadow of the pearl-grey Minster which dominates the scene. Edwin, King of Northumbria built the original pile in 627. Rich and poor citizens have cherished it through the centuries. The value of the stained glass in its windows is beyond known price. You can stroll here on the city walls which date from 1327. The wolves used to snuffle at their bases. Durham. A stronghold of the church since 1072. The walls of the Norman castle are nine feet thick. Set high above the river, impregnable remote. Durham will tell you, mutely, what England was like: what it used to do: how it used to suffer: and how it survived.

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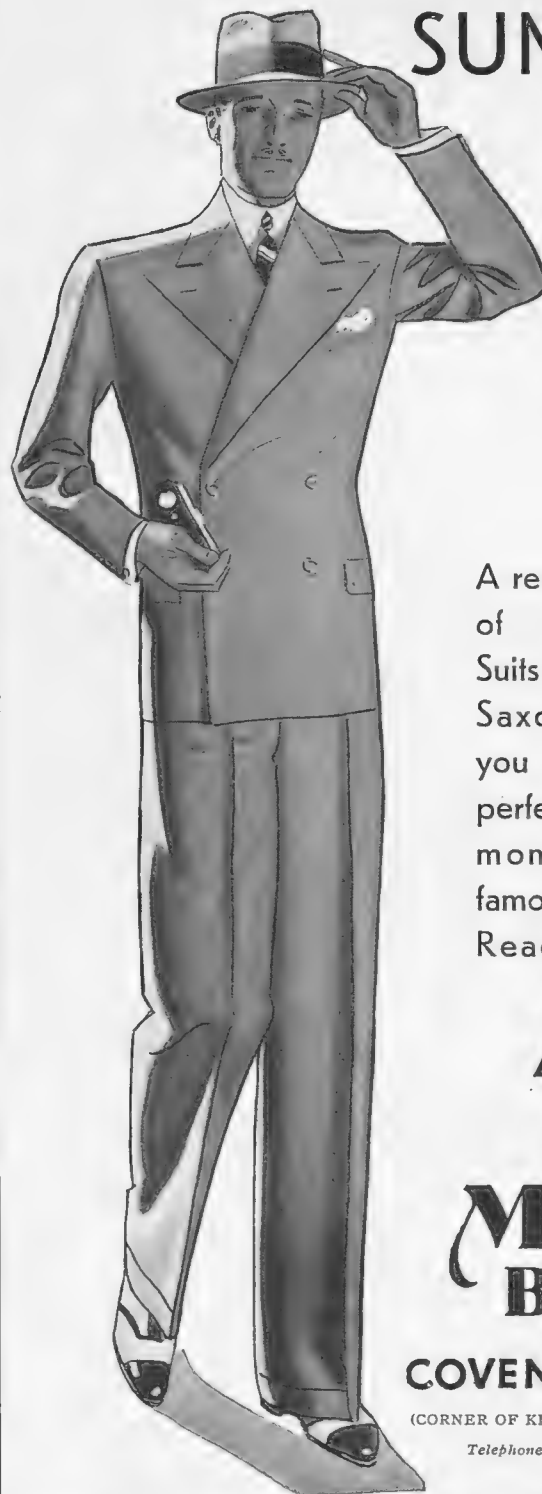


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**Petrol Vapour**—continued from p. 36

about getting fuel oil from coal, which is probably a much more paying proposition. The question can be safely left to the technologists—so long as they perceive that light motor spirits may, at no very distant date, become a back number. There are dazzling attractions about one-hundred-and-forty ton-miles to six penn'orth of non-inflammable juice!

**It has a Bite.**

I have lately been trying the 6-cylinder Triumph Scorpion equipped with the standard four-door coach-built saloon. At its price of £192 10s. it is a remarkably nice little job with quite a fervour for its work, with good looks (though there is a shade too much rear over-hang to my taste), and a very respectable all-round performance. No fault can be found with the external detail finish, whilst that which is withinsides leaves little or nothing to be desired. But I shall still go on recording my complaint that very, very few cars of this horse-power and price class have enough room in front, for I am convinced that an extra three or four inches would make no measurable difference to speed, whilst it would provide something quite delectable from the comfort stand-point. The Scorpion is a 3-speeder, but the need of a fourth ratio is very little felt, for the engine pulls willingly and glibly at all speeds and the acceleration and hill-climbing on top are beyond reproach. I think a great many folk underestimate the tugging power of many small sixes. Certainly I got a surprise when I put the stop-watch on the Scorpion, for its smoothness and apparent lack of aggressiveness are most deceptive. Actually it is much livelier than it seems to be; indeed its "get-away" is much quicker than that of many more fussy cars that have

acquired a reputation for vitality under false pretences. Mrs. P. V. tried the back seats and spoke well of them. In a chassis of shortish wheel-base they are unavoidably a little upright, but they afforded a remarkably good degree of freedom of movement and there was plenty of visibility.

**Notes From Here and There**

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for £8 to convalesce a small boy, who, though fourteen, is very undersized and delicate and would have to be classed with boys of ten to twelve years of age. He has had a very sad up-bringing for his mother committed suicide some years ago through over-strain and worry. His father is an ex-service man, but out of work and not very capable of looking after the boy. The doctor is most anxious to get the child away to the country for two months as he has a constant cough and is very under-nourished. £8 will cover the cost and provide the necessary clothes and fares, etc.

The Downside Dance will be held at Grosvenor House on Wednesday, July 6, and should be a very successful affair. Lady Grayson is Chairman and the Countess of Cavan is Vice-Chairman. Anton Dolin and Markova have promised to dance during the cabaret. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Maclean, Byron House, 7, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

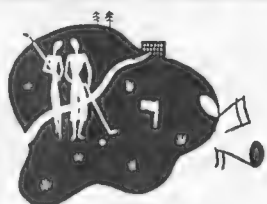
In our issue of last week, under the photograph of Mr. and Mrs. James Russell, we mentioned that Captain Rawlin was with Sir Alan Cobham when he made his record flight to Africa. We have since been informed that it was Mr. H. V. Worrall who was with Sir Alan Cobham, and we wish to tender our apologies for this error.



Howard Barrett

SOME BELVOIR VETERANS AND THE M.F.H.

Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson, Colonel Gordon Colman, M.F.H., and Mr. David Ward at the Belvoir Kennels on the day when an invitation is sent out to view the young entry. Mr. Ward and Mr. Tomlinson are the two oldest hunting patrons of the Belvoir and intend still to carry on

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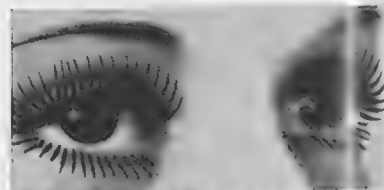
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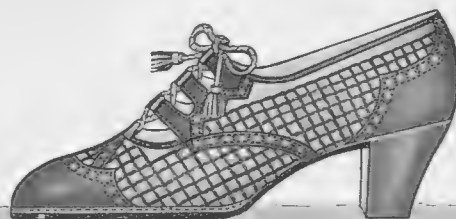
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H.332. A very light unlined single-bar Shoe, punched for coolness  
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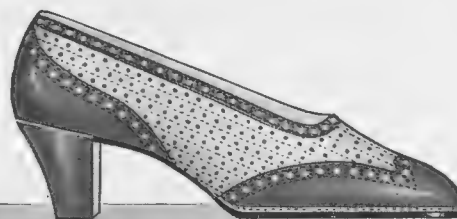
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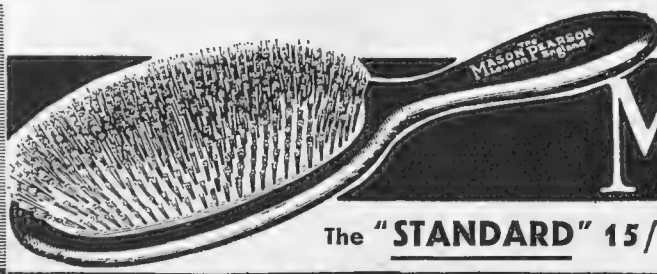
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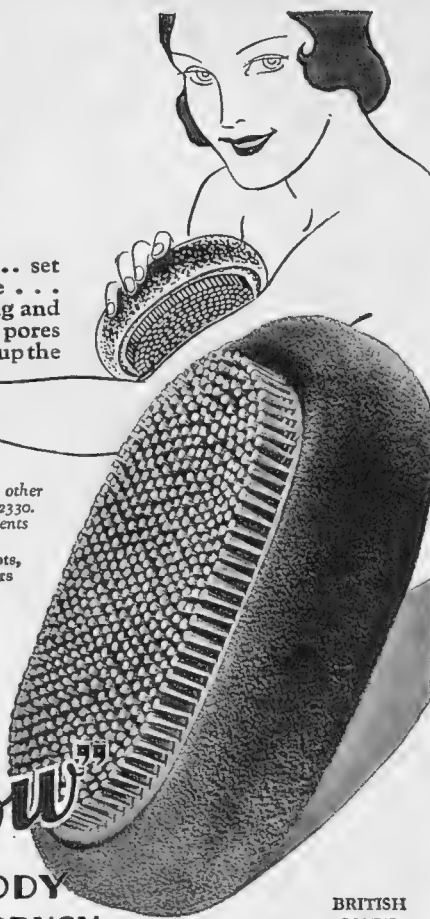
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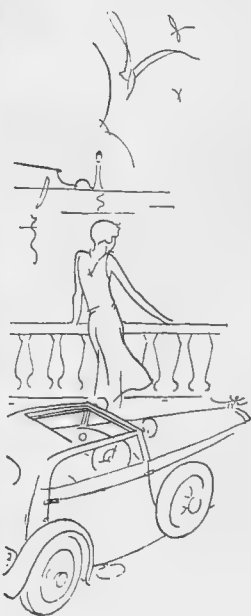
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Send your "out of service" garment, whether originally purchased from her or not, to Lilla, who will submit sketches and estimates free of charge.

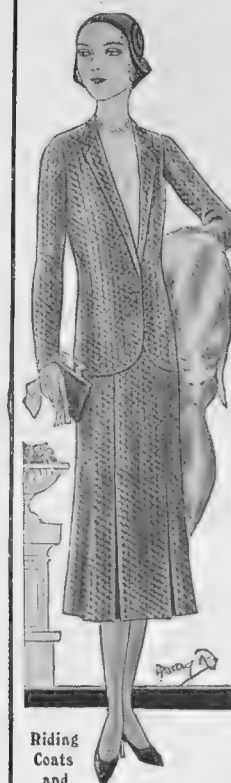
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# Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5<sup>th</sup> Baronet)

## "Typical of the Times"

"Nov. 1831:—Osbaldeston's<sup>1</sup> remarkable feat at Newmkt has brought astonishment to us all, and has been ye cause of much passing of money. He claimed possibility for ye covering of 200 miles by horse in space of 10 hrs, and to this effect wagered £1000 with Col. Charité.<sup>2</sup> Ye Squire then proceeded to complete ye distance in 8 hrs 42 mins, changing his mount every 4 miles.<sup>3</sup> Many, with hint of derision, laid considerable odds agnst Mr O, only to be easily confounded. In fact, I hear of several who are by no means equipped to meet their creditors."

1. Mr. George Osbaldeston. Well-known sportsman, popularly known as "The Squire."
2. An accomplished cross-country rider, very fond of making extravagant wagers.
3. 23 different horses were actually used.



Lady Angela: "Two hundred miles in under nine hours. What a wonderful ride!"

Sir Edward: "Yes. This Osbaldeston fellow seems to have been a remarkable man. He liked nothing better than to issue thousand-pound challenges for matches over the stiffest country he could find. And it was Osbaldeston, of course, who fought the duel with Lord George Bentinck."

Lady Angela: "Ah, I remember. That duel is mentioned somewhere else in the diary. But apparently some of the people who betted on this two-hundred-mile affair didn't stand much chance of getting their money."

Sir Edward: "Rather typical of the times. Those were the days when a win wasn't a win till the money was actually in your pocket."

Lady Angela: "So, not being equipped with pockets, I should have been a consistent loser."

Sir Edward: "Not at all, Angela. In the eighteen-thirties, to be properly demure you wouldn't have indulged in anything so interesting as racing."

Lady Angela: "And when did my sex come in for its share of the fun?"

Sir Edward: "Well, gradually. But now they are properly catered for by an institution which might well be called 'The Original Movement for the Emancipation of Women Racing Enthusiasts'."

Lady Angela: "Hm. Telegraphic Address 'Duggie'—London, I suppose?"

Sir Edward: "Of course!"

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2